

# AURENGE-ZEBE:

OR, THE

## GREAT MOGUL.

A

# TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted by Her

MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

---

By Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

---

*Sed cum fregit subsellia versu,  
Esurit, intactam Parridi nisi vendat Agaven. Juv.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate next Grays-Inn Lane. And T. Bennet at the Half Moon in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1704.



Gift of  
Frank E. Chace

1154  
5



TO THE  
Right Honourable  
**JOHN** Earl of **MULGRAVE**,

Gentleman of His Majesty's Bed-Chamber, and Knight of the  
Most Noble Order of the Garter.

My LORD,

**I**S a severe Reflection which Montaign has made on Princes, that we ought not, in reason, to have any expectations of Favour from them; and that 'tis kindness enough, if they leave us in possession of our own. The boldness of the Censure shews the free Spirit of the Author: And the Subjects of England may justly congratulate to themselves, that both the Nature of our Government, and the Clemency of our King, secure us from any such Complaint. I, in particular, who subsist wholly upon his Bounty, am oblig'd to give Posterity a far other account of my Royal Master, than what Montaign has left of his. Those Accusations had been more reasonable, if they had been plac'd on inferior Persons. For in all Courts, there are too many who make it their business to ruin Wit. And Montaign, in other places, tells us, what effects he found of their good Natures. He describes them such, whose Ambition, Lust, or private Interests, seem to be the only end of their Creation. If Good accrue to any from them, 'tis only in order to own their designs; conferr'd most commonly on the base and infamous; and never given, but only happening sometimes on well Deservers. Dulness has brought them to what they are; and Malice secures them in their Fortunes. But somewhat of specious they must have, to recommend themselves to Princes, (for Folly will not easily go down in its own natural Form with discerning Judges,) and Diligence in waiting is their gilding of the Pill; for that looks like Love, though 'tis only Interest. 'Tis that which gains 'em their advantage over witty Men; whose Love of Liberty and Ease, makes them willing too often to discharge their burden of Attendance on these Officious Gentlemen. 'Tis true, that the Nauseousness of such Company is enough to disgust a reasonable Man; when he sees he can hardly approach Greatness, but as a Moated Castle, he must first pass through the Mud and Filth with which it is encompass'd. These are they, who, wanting Wit, affect Gravity, and go by the name of Solid Men; and a Solid Man is, in plain English, a Solid, Solemn Fool. Another Disguise they have, (for Fools, as well as Knaves, take other Names, and pass by an Alias) and that is the Title of honest Fellows. But this Honesty of theirs ought to have many Grains for its allowance; for certainly they are no farther honest than they are silly: They are naturally mischievous to their power; and if they speak not maliciously, or sharply, of witty Men, 'tis only because God has not bestow'd on them the Gift of Utterance. They fawn and crouch to Men of parts, whom they cannot ruin; quote their Wit when they are present, and when they are absent steal their Jest: But to those who are under 'em, and whom they can crush with ease, they shew themselves in their natural Antipathy; there they treat Wit like the common Enemy, and give it no more Quarter, than a Dutch-Man would to an English Vessel in the Indies; they strike Sail where they know they shall be Master'd, and Murder where they can with safety.

This, my Lord, is the Character of a Courtier without Wit; and therefore that which is a Satyr to other Men, must be a Panegyrick to your Lordship, who are a Master of it. If the least of these Reflections could have reach'd your Person, no necessity of mine could have made me to have sought so earnestly, and so long to have cultivated your kindness. As a Poet, I cannot but have made some Observations on Mankind: The lowness of my Fortune has not yet brought me to flatter Vice and 'tis my Duty to give Testimony to Virtue. 'Tis true, your Lordship is not of that Nature, which neither seeks a Commendation, or wants it. Your Mind has always been above the wretched affectation of Popularity. A popular Man is, in Truth, no better than a Prostitute to common Fame, and to the People. He lies down to every one he meets, for the hire of Praise; and his Humility is only a disguis'd Ambition. Even Cicero himself, whose Eloquence deserv'd the admiration of Mankind; yet by his insatiable thirst of Fame, he has lessen'd his Character with succeeding Ages: His Action against Catiline may be said to have ruin'd the Consul, when it sav'd the City; for it so swell'd his Soul, which was not truly Great, that ever afterwards it was apt to be over-set with Vanity. And this made his Virtue so suspected by his Friends, that Brutus, whom of all Men he ador'd, refus'd him a place in his Conspiracy. A Modern Wit has made this Observation on him

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

That coveting to recommend himself to Posterity, he begg'd it, as an *Alms*, of all his Friends, the Historians, to remember his Consulship: And observe, if you please, the oddness of the event; for their Histories are lost, and the vanity of his Request stands yet recorded in his own Writings. How much more Great and Manly in your Lordship, is your contempt of popular Applause, and your retir'd Virtue, which shines only to a few, with whom you live so easily and freely, that you make it evident, you have a Soul which is capable of all the tenderness of Friendship; and that you only retire your self from those, who are not capable of returning it. Your kindness, where you have once plac'd it, is Inviolable: And 'tis to that only I attribute my Happiness in your Love. This makes me more easily forsake an Argument, on which I could otherwise delight to dwell: I mean, your Judgment in your Choice of Friends; because I have the Honour to be one. After which, I am sure you will more easily permit me to be silent, in the care you have taken of my Fortune; which you have rescu'd, not only from the power of others, but from my worst of Enemies, my own Modesty and Laziness. Which Favour, had it been employ'd on a more deserving Subject, had been an effect of Justice in your Nature; but, as plac'd on me, is only Charity. Yet, withal, 'tis conferr'd on such a Man, as prefers your Kindness it self, before any of its Consequences; and who values, as the greatest of your Favours, those of your Love and your Conversation. From this Constancy to your Friends, I might reasonably assume, that your Resentments would be as strong and lasting, if they were not restrain'd by a Nobler Principle of good Nature and Generosity. For certainly 'tis the same composition of Mind, the same Resolution and Courage, which makes the Greatest Friendships, and the greatest Enmities. And he who is too lightly reconcil'd, after high Provocations, may recommend himself to the World for a Christian, but I should hardly trust him for a Friend. The Italians have a Proverb to that purpose, To forgive the first time, shews me a good Catholick, the second time a Fool. To this firmness in all your Actions (though you are wanting in no other Ornaments of Mind and Body, yet to this) I principally ascribe the Interest your Merits have acquir'd you in the Royal Family. A Prince, who is constant to himself, and steady in all his Undertaking; one with whom that Character of Horace will agree,

Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Such an one cannot but place an esteem, and repose a confidence on him, whom no Adversity, no change of Courts, no Bribery of Interest, or Cabals of Factions, or Advantages of Fortune, can remove from the solid foundations of Honour and Fidelity.

Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores  
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.

How well your Lordship will deserve that Praise, I need no inspiration to foretel. You have already left no room for Prophecy: your early Undertakings have been such, in the Service of your King and Country, when you offer'd your self to the most dangerous employment, that of the Sea; when you chose to abandon those Delights, to which your Youth and Fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and, which was worse, the Company of common Seamen, that you have made it evident, you will refuse no opportunity of rendering your self useful to the Nation, when either your Courage or Conduct shall be requir'd. The same Zeal and Faithfulness continues in your Blood, which animated one of your Noble Ancestors to Sacrifice his Life in the Quarrel of his Sovereign; though, I hope, both for your sake and for the Publick Tranquility, the same occasion will never be offer'd to your Lordship, and that a better Destiny will attend you. But I make haste to consider you as abstracted from a Court, which (if you will give me leave to use a Term of Logick) is only an Adjunct, not a Propriety of Happiness. The Academicks, I confess, were willing to admit the Goods of Fortune into their Notion of Felicity; but I do not remember, that any of the Sects of old Philosophers did ever leave a Room for Greatness. Neither am I form'd to praise a Court, who admire and covet nothing, but the easiness and quiet of Retirement. I naturally withdraw my Sight from a Precipice; and, admit the Prospect be never so large and goodly, can take no Pleasure, even in looking on the downfal, though I am secure from the dangers. Methinks, there's something of a malignant Joy in that excellent Description of Lucretius.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis  
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem;  
Non quia vexari quæquam est jucunda voluptas,  
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*I am sure his Master Epicurus, and my better Master Cowley, prefer'd the Solitude of a Garden, and the Conversation of a Friend, to any Consideration, so much as a regard of those unhappy People, whom, in our own wrong, we call the Great. True Greatness, if it be any where on Earth, is in a private Virtue; remov'd from the Notion of Pomp and Vanity, confin'd to a Contemplation of it self, and centring on it self.*

Omnis enim per se Divum natura, necesse est  
Immortali ævo summâ cum pace fruatur;  
---Curâ semota, metuque  
Ipsa suis pollens opibus---

*If this be not the Life of a Deity, because it cannot consist with Providence, 'tis a God-like Life: I can be contented, (and I am sure I have your Lordship of my Opinion) with an humble station in the Temple of Virtue, than to be set on the Pinnacle of it.*

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre  
Errare, atque viam palantis querere vitæ.

The Truth is, the Consideration of so vain a Creature as Man is not worth our pains, I have Fought enough at home without looking for it abroad; and am a sufficient Theatre to my self of ridiculous Actions, without expecting Company, either in a Court, a Town, or Play-House. 'Tis on this account that I am weary with drawing the deformities of Life, and Lazars of the People, where every Figure of imperfection more resembles me than it can do others. If I must be condemn'd to Rhime, I should find some ease in my change of punishment. I desire to be no longer the Sisyphus of the Stage; to rowl up a Stone with endless Labour (which, to follow the Proverb, Gathers no Moss) and which is perpetually falling down again, I never thought my self very fit for an Employment, where many of my Predecessors have excell'd me in all kinds; and some of my Contemporaries, even in my own partial Judgment, have out-done me in Comedy. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and those too, considering my Abilities, may be vain, that I may make the World some Part of amends, for many ill Plays, by an Heroick Poem. Your Lordship has been long acquainted with my Design; the Subject you know is great, the Story English, and neither too far distant from the present Age, nor too near approaching it. Such it is in my Opinion, that I could not have wish'd a nobler occasion to do honour by it to my King, my Country, and my Friends; most of our ancient Nobility being concern'd in the Action. And your Lordship has one particular Reason to promote this undertaking, because you were the first who gave me the opportunity of discoursing it to His Majesty, and his Royal Highness: They were then pleas'd, both to commend the Design, and to encourage it by their Commands. But the unsettledness of my Condition has hitherto put a stop to my Thoughts concerning it. As I am no Successor to Homer in his Wit, so neither do I desire to be in his Poverty. I can make no Rhapsodies, nor go a begging at the Græcian Doors, while I sing the Praises of their Ancestors. The Times of Virgil please me better, because he had an Augustus for his Patron. And, to draw the Allegory nearer to you, I am sure I shall not want a Mæcenas with him. 'Tis for your Lordship to stir up that remembrance in his Majesty, which his many avocations of business have caus'd him, I fear, to lay aside. And, (as himself and his Royal Brother are the Heroes of the Poem) to represent to them the Images of their Warlike Predecessors, as Achilles is said to be rowl'd to Glory, with the sight of the Combat before the Ships. For my own part, I am satisfy'd to have offer'd the Design; and it may be to the advantage of my Reputation to have it refus'd me.

In the mean time, my Lord, I take the confidence to present you with a Tragedy; the Characters of which are the nearest to those of an Heroick Poem. 'Twas Dedicated to you in my Heart, before it was presented on the Stage. Some things in it have pass'd your Approbation, and many your Amendment. You were likewise pleas'd to recommend it to the King's perusal, before the last hand was added to it, when I receiv'd the Favour from him, to have the most considerable event of it modell'd by his Royal Pleasure. It may be some vanity in me to add his Testimony then, and which he graciously confirm'd afterwards, that it was the best of all my Tragedies; in which he has made Authentick my private Opinion of it; at least, he has given it a value by his Commendation, which it had not by my Writing.

That which was not pleasing to some of the fair Ladies in the last Act of it, as I dare not vindicate, so neither can I wholly condemn, till I find more reason for their Censures. The Procedure of  
India-



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Indamora and Melesinda, seems yet, in my Judgment, natural, and not unbecoming of their Characters. If they who arraign them fail not more, the World will never blame their Conduct: And I shall be glad, for the honour of my Country, to find better Images of Virtue drawn to the Life in their Behaviour, than any I could feign to adorn the Theatre. I confess, I have only represented a practicable Virtue, mix'd with the frailties and imperfections of Human Life. I have made my Heroine fearful of Death, which neither Cassandra nor Cleopatra would have been; and they themselves, I doubt it not, would have out-done Romance in that particular. Yet their Mandana (and the Cyrus was written by a Lady) was not altogether so hard-hearted: for she sat down on the cold Ground by the King of Assyria, and not only pity'd him, who dy'd in her Defence, but allow'd him some Favours, such, perhaps, as they would think, should only be permitted to her Cyrus. I have made my Melesinda, in opposition to Nourmahal, a Woman passionately Loving of her Husband, Patient of Injuries and Contempt, and constant in her Kindness to the last; and in that, perhaps, I may have err'd, because it is not a Virtue much in use. Those Indian Wives are Loving Fools, and may do well to keep themselves in their own Country, or at least, to keep Company with the Arria's and Portia's of Old Rome: Some of our Ladies know better things. But, it may be, I am partial to my own Writings; yet I have labour'd, as much as any Man, to divest my self of the Self-Opinion of an Author, and am too well satisfy'd of my own weakness, to be pleas'd with any thing I have written: But on the other side, my Reason tells me, that, in probability, what I have Seriously and long Consider'd, may be as likely to be just and natural, as what an Ordinary Judge (if there be any such amongst those Ladies) will think fit, in a transient Presentation, to be plac'd in the Room of that which they Condemn. The most judicious Writer is sometimes mistaken, after all his care; but the hasty Critick, who judges on a view, is as liable to be deceiv'd. Let him first consider all the Arguments which the Author had to write this, or to design the other, before he arraigns him of a fault; and then, perhaps, on second Thoughts he will find his Reason oblige him to revoke his Censure. Yet, after all, I will not be too positive. Homo sum, humani a me nihil alienum puto. As I am a Man, I must be changeable: and sometimes the gravest of us all are so, even upon ridiculous accidents. Our Minds are perpetually wrought on by the Temperaments of our Bodies; which makes me suspect, they are nearer Ally'd, than either our Philosophers or School Divines will allow them to be. I have observ'd, says Montaign, that when the Body is out of Order, its Companion is seldom at his ease. An ill Dream, or a Cloudy Day, has power to change this wretched Creature, who is so proud of a reasonable Soul, and make him think what he thought not Yesterday. And Homer was of this Opinion, as Cicero is pleas'd to Translate him for us:*

*Tales sunt hominum mentes quali pater ipse  
Jupiter, auctiferâ lustravit lampade terras.*

*Or as the same Author, in his Tusculane Questions, speaks with more Modesty than usual of himself: Nos in diem vivimus; quodcunque animos nostros probabilitate percussit, id dicimus. 'Tis not therefore impossible, but that I may alter the Conclusion of my Play, to restore my self into the good Graces of my fair Criticks. And your Lordship, who is so well with them, may do me the Office of a Friend and Patron, to intercede with them on my promise of amendment. The impotent Lover in Petronius, though his was a very unpardonable Crime, yet was receiv'd to Mercy on the Terms I offer. Summa excusationis meæ hæc est: placebo tibi, si culpam emendare permiseris.*

*But I am conscious to my self of offering at a greater boldness, in presenting to your view what my meanness can produce, than in any other Error of my Play: And therefore make haste to break off this tedious Address, which has, I know not how, already run it self into so much of Pedantry, with an Excuse of Tully's, which he sent with his Books De Finibus, to his Friend Brutus, De ipsis rebus autem, sæpenumero Brute vereor ne reprehendar, cum hæc ad te scribam, qui tum in Poesi, (I change it from Philosophiâ) tum in optimo genere Poeseos tantum processeris. Quod si facerem quasi te eruidens, jure reprehenderer. Sed ab eo plurimum absum: nec, ut ea cognoscas quæ tibi notissima sunt ad te mitto: sed quia facillimè in nomine tuo acquiesco, & quia te habeo equissimum eorum studiorum quæ mihi communia tecum sunt æstimatorem & judicem. Which you may please, my Lord, to apply to your self, from him who is,*

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

D R Y D E N.

# PROLOGUE.

O U R Author, by Experience, finds it true,  
'Tis much more hard to please himself, than you:  
And, out of no feign'd Modesty, this day  
Damns his Laborious Trifle of a Play:  
Not that it's worse than what before he writ,  
But he has now another Taste of Wit;  
And, to confess a Truth, (though out of time)  
Grows weary of his long-lov'd Mistress, Rhyme.  
Passion's too fierce to be in Fetters bound,  
And Nature flies him like enchanted Ground.  
What Verse can do, he has perform'd in this,  
Which he presumes the most correct of his.  
But, spite of all his Pride, a secret Shame  
Invades his Breast at Shakespear's Sacred Name:  
And when he hears his God-like Romans Rage,  
He, in a just despair, would quit the Stage;  
And to an Age less polish'd, more unskill'd,  
Does, with Disdain, the foremost Honours yield.  
As with the greater Dead he dares not strive,  
He would not match his Verse with those who live:  
Let him retire, betwixt two Ages cast,  
The First of this, and hindmost of the Last.  
A losing Gamester, let him sneak away;  
He bears no ready Money from the Play.  
The Fate which governs Poets, thought it fit,  
He should not raise his Fortunes by his Wit.  
The Clergy thrive, and the litigious Bar;  
Dull Heroes fatten with the Spoils of War;  
All Southern Vices, Heav'n be prais'd, are here;  
But Wit's a Luxury you think too dear.  
When you to cultivate the Plant are loth,  
'Tis a shrew'd sign 'twas never of your growth:  
And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,  
Except, like Orange-Trees, 'tis Hous'd from Snow.  
There needs no care to put a Play-House down,  
'Tis the most desert Place of all the Town.  
We and our Neighbours, to speak proudly, are  
Like Monarchs, ruin'd with expensive War.  
While, like wise English, unconcern'd, you sit,  
And see us play the Tragedy of Wit.

Dra-



# **Dramatis Personæ.**

By

**T**H E Old Emperor.

*Aurenge-Zebe, his Son.*

*Morat, his Younger Son.*

*Arimant, Governor of Agra.*

*Dianet.*

*Solyman.*

*Mir Baba.*

*Abas.*

*Asaph Chan.*

*Fazel Chan.*

*Nourmahal, the Empress.*

*Indamora, a Captive Queen.*

*Melesinda, Wife to Morat.*

*Zayda, Favourite Slave to the Empress.*

*Mr. Mohun.*

*Mr. Hart.*

*Mr. Kynaston.*

*Mr. Wintershall.*

*Indian Lords, or  
Omrahs of several  
Factions.*

*Mrs. Marshal.*

*Mrs. Cox.*

*Mrs. Corbet.*

*Mrs. Uphil.*

**SCENE** *Agra, in the Year 1660.*

**AURENGE-**

OR, THE

**Arimant, Afaph Chan, Fazel Chan.**

She now has in her hand the greatest stake,  
Which for contending Monarchs she can make:  
Whate'er can urge Ambitious Youth to fight,  
She pompously displays before their sight:  
Laws, Empire, all permitted to the Sword,  
And Fate could ne'er an ampler Scene afford.

*Asaph.* Four several Armies to the Field are led,  
Which, high in equal Hopes, four Princes head:  
*Indus* and *Ganges*, our wide Empire's Bounds,  
Swell'd their dy'd Currents, with their Natives wounds:  
Each purple River winding, as he runs,  
His bloody Arms about his slaughter'd Sons.

*Fazel.* I well remember you foretold the Storm,  
When first the Brothers did their Factions form:  
When each, by curs'd Cabals of Women, strove  
To draw th' indulgent King to partial Love.

*Arms.* What Heav'n decrees, no Prudence can prevent.  
To cure their mad Ambition, they were sent  
To Rule a distant Province each alone.  
What could a careful Father more have done?  
He made provision against all, but Fate;  
While, by his Health, we held our peace of State,  
The weight of Seventy Winters prest him down,  
He bent beneath the burthen of a Crown: B

B

## Sickness



Sickness, at last, did his spent Body seize,  
 And Life almost sunk under the Disease:  
 Mortal 'twas thought, at least by them desir'd,  
 Who, impiously, into his Years enquir'd:  
 As at a Signal, trait the Sons prepare  
 For open Force, and rush to sudden War:  
 Meeting, like Winds broke loose upon the Main,  
 To prove, by Arms, whose Fate it was to Reign.

*Asaph.* Rebels and Parricides!

*Arim.* Brand not their Actions with so foul a name:  
 Pity, at least, what we are forc'd to blame.  
 When Death's cold hand has clos'd the Father's Eye,  
 You know the younger Sons are doom'd to die.  
 Less Ills are chose greater to avoid,  
 And Nature's Laws are by the State's destroy'd.  
 What Courage tamely could to Death consent,  
 And not, by striking first, the Blow prevent?  
 Who falls in Fight cannot himself accuse,  
 And he dies greatly, who a Crown pursues.

*To them Solyman Agath.*

*Solym.* A new Express all *Agra* does afright:  
*Darah* and *Aureng-Zebe* are joyn'd in Fight,  
 The press of People thickens to the Court,  
 Th' impatient Crowd devouring the Report.

*Arim.* T' each changing News they chang'd Affections bring,  
 And servilely from Fate expect a King.

*Solym.* The Ministers of State, who gave us Law,  
 In corners, with selected Friends, withdraw:  
 There, in deaf Murmurs, solemnly are wise;  
 Whispering like Winds, e'er Huricanes arise.  
 The most corrupt are most obsequious grown,  
 And those they scorn'd, officiously they own.

*Asaph.* In change of Government,  
 The Rabble rule their great Oppressors Fate:  
 Do Sovereign Justice, and revenge the State.

*Solym.* The little Courtiers, who ne'er come to know  
 The depth of Factions, as in Mazes go,  
 Where Int'rest meet and cross so oft, that they  
 With too much care are wilder'd in their way.

*Arim.* What of the Emperor?

*Solym.* Unmov'd, and brave, he like himself appears,  
 And, meriting no Ill no Danger fears:  
 Yet mourns his former Vigour lost so far,  
 To make him now Spectator of a War:  
 Repining that he must preserve his Crown  
 By any Help, or Courage, but his own:

Wishes

Wishes each Minute, he could unbeget  
Those Rebel-Sons, who dare t'usurp his Seat:  
To sway his Empire with unequal skill,  
And mount a Throne which none but he can fill.

*Arim.* Oh! had he still that Character maintain'd,  
Of Valour, which in blooming Youth he gain'd,  
He promis'd in his East a Glorious Race;  
Now, sunk from his Meridian, sets apace.  
But as the Sun, when he from Noon declines,  
And with abated heat less fiercely shines,  
Seems to grow milder as he goes away,  
Pleasing himself with the remains of Day;  
So he, who, in his Youth, for Glory strove,  
Would recompence his Age with Ease and Love.

*Asaph.* The name of Father hateful to him grows,  
Which, for one Son, produces him three Foes.

*Fazel.* *Darah*, the Eldest, bears a generous Mind;  
But to implacable Revenge inclin'd.  
Too openly does Love and Hatred show:  
A bounteous Master, but a deadly Foe.

*Solym.* From *Sujah's* Valour I should much expect,  
But he's a *Bigat* of the *Persian* Sect:  
And by a Foreign Int'rest seeks to Reigh,  
Hopeless by Love the Scepter to obtain.

*Asaph.* *Moras*'s too insolent, too much a Brave,  
His Courage to his Envy is a Slave.  
What he attempts, if his Endeavours fail  
T' affect, he is resolv'd no other shall.

*Arim.* But *Aurenge-Zebe*, by no strong Passion sway'd,  
Except his Love, more temp'rate is, and weigh'd:  
This *Atlas* must our sinking State uphold;  
In Council cool, but in Performance bold:  
He sums their Virtues in himself alone,  
And adds the greatest, of a loyal Son:  
His Father's Cause upon his Sword he wears,  
And with his Arms, we hope, his Fortune bears.

*Solym.* Two vast Rewards may well his Courage move,  
A Parent's Blessing, and a Mistress Love.  
If he succeed, his Recompence, we hear,  
Must be the Captive Queen of *Cassimere*.

To them *Abas*.

*Abas.* Michiefs on mischiefs, greater still, and more:  
The Neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er:  
The Vale an Iron Harvest seems to yeild  
Of thick sprung Lances in a waving Field.  
The polish'd Steel gleams terribly from far,  
And every moment nearer shews the War.



The Horses Neighing by the Wind is blown,  
Aud Castl'd Elephants o'er look the Town.

*Arim.* If, as I fear, *Morat* these Pow'rs commands,

Our Empire on the brink of Ruin stands:

Th' Ambitious Empress with her Son is join'd,

And, in his Brother's Absence, has design'd

The unprovided Town to take with ease,

And then, the Person of the King to seize

*Solym.* To all his former Issue she has shown

Long Hate, and labour'd to advance her own.

*Abas.* These Troops are his.

*Surat* he took; and thence, preventing Fame,

By quick and painful Marches hither came.

Since his Approach, he to his Mother sent,

And two long hours in close Debate were spent.

*Arim.* I'll to my Charge, the Cittadel repair,

And shew my Duty by my timely Care.

*To them the Emperor with a Letter in his hand: after him an Ambassador,  
with a Train following.*

*Asaph.* But see, the Emperor! a fiery Red

His Brows and glowing Temples does o'er-spread,

*Morat* has some displeasing Message sent.

*Amb.* Do not, Great Sir, misconstrue his Intent;

Not call Rebellion what was prudent Care,

To guard himself by necessary War;

While he believ'd you living, he obey'd;

His Governments but as your Vice-Roy sway'd:

But, when he thought you gone

T' augment the Number of the Bliss'd above,

He deem'd 'em Legacies of Royal Love:

Nor arm'd, his Brothers Portions to invade,

But to defend the Present you had made.

*Emp.* By frequent Messages, and strict Commands,

He knew my Pleasure to discharge his Bands:

Proof of my Life my Royal Signet made;

Yet still he Arm'd, came on, and disobey'd.

*Amb.* He thought the Mandat forg'd, your Death conceal'd:

And but delay'd, 'till Truth shou'd be reveal'd.

*Emp.* News of my Death from Rumor he receiv'd;

And what he wish'd, he easily believ'd:

But long demurr'd, though from my hand he knew

I liv'd, so loth he was to think it true.

Since he pleads Ignorance to that Command,

Now let him shew his Duty, and disband.

*Amb.* His Honour, Sir, will suffer in the Cause,

He yields his Arms unjust if he withdraws:

And

## The Great Mogul.

And begs his Loyalty may be declar'd,  
By owning those he leads to be your Guard.

*Emp.* I, in my self, have all the Guard I need;  
Bid the the presumptuous Boy draw off with speed:  
If his audacious Troops one Hour remain,  
My Cannon from the Fort shall scour the Plain.

*Amb.* Since you deny him Entrance, he demands  
His Wife, whom cruelly you hold in Bands:  
Her, if unjustly you from him detain,  
He justly will by force of Arms regain.

*Emp.* O'er him, and his, a right from Heaven I have:  
Subject, and Son, he's doubly born my Slave.  
But whatsoe'er his own Demerits are,  
Tell him, I shall not make on Women, War.  
And yet I'll do her Innocence the Grace  
To keep her here, as in the safer place.  
But, thou, who dar'st this bold Defiance bring,  
May'st feel the Rage of an offended King.  
Hence from my Sight without the least Reply:  
One Word, nay, one Look more, and thou shalt dye.

[Exit Ambassador.]

Re-enter Arimant.

*Arim.* May Heav'n, great Monarch, still augment your Bliss  
With length of Days, and every Day like this.  
For, from the Banks of *Gemna* News is brought,  
Your Army has a bloody Battel fought:  
*Darah* from Loyal *Aurence-Zebe* is fled;  
And Forty Thousand of his Men lie dead.  
To *Sujah* next your conqu'ring Army drew;  
Him they surpriz'd, and easily o'rethrew.

*Emp.* 'Tis well.

*Arim.* But well! What more could at your Wish be done,  
Than two such Conquests gain'd by such a Son?  
Your Pardon, Mighty Sir;  
You seem not high enough your Joys to rate;  
You stand indebted a vast Sum to Fate:  
And should large Thanks for the greatest blessing pay.

*Emp.* My Fortune owes me great every day.  
And, should my Joy more high for this appear,  
It would have argu'd me before of fear.  
How is Heav'n kind, where I have nothing won,  
And Fortune only pays me with my own?

*Arim.* Great *Aurence-Zebe* did duteous Care express:  
And durst not push too far his good Success.  
But lest *Morat* the City should attack.  
Commanded his Victorious Army back,

Which



Which, left to March as swiftly as they may,  
Himself comes first, and will be here this Day;  
Before a close form'd Siege shuts up his way.

*Emp.* Prevent his purpose, hence, hence with all thy speed.  
Stop him; his entrance to the Town forbid.

*Arim.* How, Sir, your Loyal, your Victorious Son?

*Emp.* Him would I, more than all the Rebels, shun.

*Arim.* Whom with your Pow'r and Fortune, Sir, you trust,  
Now to suspect is vain, as 'tis unjust.

He comes not with a Train to move your Fear,

But trusts himself to be a Pris'ner here.

You knew him brave, you know him faithful now:

He aims at Fame, but Fame from serving you.

'Tis said, Ambition in his Breast does rage;

Who would not be the *Hero* of an Age?

All grant him prudent: Prudence Interest weighs,

And Interest bids him seek your Love and Praise.

I know you grateful; when he march'd from hence,

You bad him hope an ample Recompence:

He conquer'd in that Hope, and from your Hands,

His Love, the precious Pledge he left, demands.

*Emp.* No more; you search too deep my wounded Mind,  
And shew me what I fear, and would not find.

My Son has all the Debts of Duty paid:

Our Prophet sends him to my present Aid.

Such Virtue to distrust were base and low:

I'm not ungrateful——or I was not so!

Inquire no farther, stop his coming on:

I will not, cannot, dare not see my Son.

*Arim.* 'Tis now too late his Entrance to prevent:  
Nor must I to your Ruin give consent.

At once your Peoples Heart and Son's you lose:

And give him all, when you just things refuse.

*Emp.* Thou lov'st me sure; thy Faith has oft been try'd,

In ten pitch'd Fields, not shrinking from my side,

Yet giv'st me no Advice to bring me Ease.

*Arim.* Can you be cur'd, and tell not your Disease?

I ask'd you, Sir.

*Emp.* —— Thou should'st have ask'd again:

There hangs a secret Shame on guilty Men.

Thou should'st have pull'd the Secret from my Breast,

Torn out the bearded Steel to give me Rest:

At least thou should'st have guess'd.——

Yet thou art honest, thou could'st ne'er have guess'd.

Hast thou been never base? Did Love ne'er bend

Thy frailer Virtue, to betray thy Friend?

Flatter

Flatter me, make thy Court, and say, it did:  
Kings in a Crowd would have their Vices hid.  
We would be kept in Count'nance, sav'd from Shame,  
And own'd by others who commit the same.  
Nay, now I have confess'd——  
Thou see'st me Naked, and without Disguise;  
I look on *Aurenge-Zebe* with Rival's Eyes,  
He has abroad my Enemies o'recome,  
And I have fought to ruin him at home.

*Arim.* This free Confession shews you long did strive:  
And Virtue, tho' oppress'd, is still alive.  
But what success did your injustice find?

*Emp.* What it deserv'd, and not what I design'd.  
Unmov'd she stood, and deaf to all my Prayers,  
As Seas and Winds to sinking Mariners.  
But Seas grow calm, and Winds are reconcil'd:  
Her Tyrant Beauty never grows more mild.  
Prayers, Promises, and Threats are all in vain.

*Arim.* Then cure your self by generous Disdain.

*Emp.* Virtue, Disdain, Despair, I oft have try'd,  
And foil'd, have with new Arms my Foe defil'd;  
This made me with so little joy to hear  
The Victory, when I the Victor fear.

*Arim.* Something you swiftly must resolve to do,  
Lest *Aurenge-Zebe* your secret Love should know.

*Morat* without does for your Ruin wait;  
And would you lose the Buckler of your State?  
A jealous Empress lies within your Arms,  
Too haughty to endure neglected Charms;  
Your Son is duteous, but (as Man) he's frail,  
And just Revenge o'er Virtue may prevail.

*Emp.* Go then to *Indamora*, say from me,  
Two Lives depend upon her Secresie.  
Bid her conceal my Passion from my Son.  
Though *Aurenge-Zebe* return a Conqueror,  
Both he and she are still within my Power.  
Say, I'm a Father, but a Lover too;  
Much to my Son, more to my Self I owe.  
When she receives him, to her words give Law:  
And even the kindness of her Glances awe.

See, he appears!

[After a short Whisper, *Arimant* departs.]

Enter *Aurenge-Zebe*, *Dianet*, and *Attendants*; *Aurenge-Zebe* kneels to his  
Father, and kisses his Hand.

*Aur.* My Vows have been successful as my Sword:  
My Prayers are heard, you have your Health restor'd.

Once



Once more 'tis given me to behold your Face:  
 The best of Kings and Fathers to embrace.  
 Pardon my Tears; 'tis Joy which bids 'em flow,  
 A Joy which never was sincere 'till now.  
 That which my Conquest gave, I could not prize;  
 Or 'twas imperfect till I saw your Eyes.

*Emp.* Turn the Discourse: I have a Reason why  
 I would not have you speak so tenderly.  
 Knew you what shame your kind Expressions bring,  
 You would in pity spare a wretched King.

*Aur.* A King! you rob me, Sir, of half my due:  
 You have a dearer Name, a Father too.

*Emp.* I had that Name,

*Aur.* ———— What have I said or done,  
 That I no longer must be call'd your Son?  
 'Tis in that Name, Heaven knows, I glory more,  
 Than that of Prince, or that of Conqueror.

*Emp.* Then you upbraid me; I am pleas'd to see  
 You're not so perfect, but can fail, like me.  
 I have no God to deal with.

*Aur.* ———— Now I find  
 Some flie Court-Devil has seduc'd your Mind:  
 Fill'd it with black Suspicions, not your own.  
 And all my Actions through false Opticks shown.  
 I ne'er did Crowns ambitiously Regard:  
 Honour I fought, the generous Mind's reward:  
 Long may you live! while you the Scepter sway,  
 I shall be still most happy to obey.

*Emp.* Oh *Aurenge-Zebe*! thy Virtues shine too bright  
 They flash too fierce: I, like the Bird of Night,  
 Shut my dull Eyes, and sicken at the sight.  
 Thou hast deserv'd more Love than I can show:  
 But 'tis thy Fate to give, and mine to owe.  
 Thou seest me much distemper'd in my Mind:  
 Pull'd back, and then push'd forward to be kind.  
 Virtue, and ———— fain I wou'd my silence break:  
 But have not yet this confidence to speak.  
 Leave me, and to thy needful Rest repair.

*Aur.* Rest is not suiting with a Lover's Care,  
 I have not yet my *Indamora* seen. [Is going]

*Emp.* Somewhat I had forgot: come back again:  
 So weary of a Father's Company!

*Aur.* Sir, you were pleas'd your self to License me.

*Emp.* You made me no Relation of the Fight;  
 Besides, a Rebel's Army is in fight.  
 Advise me first: yet go ————

# O The Great Mogul

He goes to *Indamora* ; I should take  
A kind of envious Joy to keep him back.  
Yet to detain him, makes my Love appear :  
I hate his Presence, and his Absence fear.

*Ans.* To some new Clime, or to thy Native Sky,  
O friendless and forsaken Virtue fly.  
Thy *Indian* Air is deadly to thee grown :  
Deceit and canker'd Malice rule thy Throne.  
Why did my Arms in Battel prosp'rous prove,  
To gain the barren Praise of Filial Love?  
The best of Kings by Women is mis-led,  
Charm'd by the Witchcraft of a second Bed.  
Against my self I Victories have won,  
And by my fatal Absence am undone.

To him *Indamora*, with *Arimant*.

But here she comes !  
In the calm Harbor of whose gentle Breast,  
My Tempest-beaten Soul may safely Rest.  
Oh my Heart's Joy ! what-e'er my Sorrows be,  
They cease and vanish in beholding thee ;  
Care shuns thy Walks ; as at the cheerful Light,  
The groaning Ghosts, and Birds obscene take flight.  
By this one view, all my past pains are paid :  
And all I have to come more easie made.

*Ind.* Such fullen Planets at my Birth did shine,  
They threaten every Fortune mixt with mine.  
Fly the pursuit of my disastrous Love,  
And from unhappy Neighbourhood remove.

*Ans.* Bid the laborious Hind,  
Whose harden'd Hands did long in Tillage toil,  
Neglect the promis'd Harvest of the Soil.  
Should I, who cultivated Love with Blood,  
Refuse Possession of approaching Good?

*Ind.* Love is an airy good Opinion makes :  
Which he who only thinks he has, partakes.  
Seen by a strong Imagination's Beam ;  
That tricks and dresses up the gaudy Dream,  
Presented so, with Rapture 'tis enjoy'd :  
Rais'd by high Fancy, and by low destroy'd.

*Ans.* If Love be Vision, mine has all the Fire  
Which, in first Dreams, young Prophets does inspire :  
I Dream, in you, our promis'd Paradise :  
An Ages tumult of continu'd Bliss.  
But you have still your happiness in doubt :  
Or else 'tis past, and you have dreamt it out.



*Ind.* Perhaps not so.

*Aur.* ——— Can *Indamora* prove  
So alter'd? Is it but, Perhaps you Love?  
Then Farewel all, I thought in you to find  
A Balm, to cure my much distemper'd Mind.  
I came to grieve a Father's Heart estrang'd;  
But little thought to find a Mistress chang'd.  
Nature her self is chang'd to punish me:  
Virtue turn'd Vice, and Faith Inconstancy.

*Ind.* You heard me not Inconstancy confests:  
'Twas but a Friend's Advice to Love me less.  
Who knows what adverse Fortune may befall?  
Arm well your Mind; hope little, and fear all.  
Hope, with a goodly prospect, feeds your Eye:  
Shows, from a rising Ground, Possession nigh.  
Shortens the distance, or o'er looks it quit:  
So easie 'tis to travel with the fight.

*Aur.* Then to despair you would my Love betray,  
By taking Hope, its last kind Friend, away.  
You hold the Glass, but turn the Perspective,  
And farther off the lessen'd Object drive:  
You bid me fear; in that your change I know;  
You would prepare me for the coming Blow.  
But, to prevent you, take my last Adieu;  
I'll sadly tell my self, you are untrue,  
Rather than stay to hear it told by you.

*Ind.* Stay, *Aurenge-Zebe*, I must not let you go;  
And yet believe your self your own worst Foe,  
Think I am true, and seek no more to know.  
Let in my Breast the fatal Secret lye,  
'Tis a sad Riddle, which, if known, we die.

[Seeming to pause.]

*Aur.* Fair Hypocrite, you seek to cheat in vain;  
Your Silence argues you ask time to feign.  
Once more, farewell: the snare in fight is laid,  
'Tis my own fault if I am now betray'd.

[Going again.]

*Ind.* Yet once more stay; you shall believe me true,  
Though in one Fate I wrap my self and you.  
Your Absence——

*Arim.* ——— Hold; you know the hard Command  
I must obey: you only can withstand  
Your own mishap, I beg you on my Knee,  
Be not unhappy by your own Decree.

*Aur.* Speak, Madam, by (if that be yet an Oath)  
Your Love, I'm pleas'd we should be ruin'd both.  
Both is a sound of Joy.  
In Death's dark Bowr's our Bridals we will keep:

And

And his cold hand  
Shall draw the Curtain, when we go to sleep.

*Ind.* Know then, that Man, whom both of us did trust,  
Has been to you unkind, to me unjust.

The Guardian of my Faith so false did prove,  
As to solicit me with Lawless Love:

Pray'd, Promis'd, Threaten'd, all that Man could do,  
Base as he's great; and need I tell you who?

*Aur.* Yes; for I'll not believe my Father meant:  
Speak quickly, and my impious Thoughts prevent.

*Ind.* You've said; I wish I could some other name!

*Arim.* My Duty must excuse me, Sir, from Blame.  
A Guard there.

*Enter Guards.*

*Aur.* ——— Slave, for me?

*Arim.* ——— My Orders are.  
To seize this Princess, whom the Laws of War  
Long since made Prisoner.

*Aur.* ——— Villain.

*Arim.* ——— Sir, I know  
Your Birth, nor durst another call me so.

*Aur.* I have redeem'd her; and as mine she's free.

*Arim.* You may have Right to give her Liberty:  
But with your Father, Sir, that Right dispute,  
For his Commands to me were absolute;  
If she disclos'd his Love, to use the right  
Of War, and to secure her from your fight.

*Aur.* I'll rescue her, or die. [Draws.]

And you my Friends, tho' few, are yet too brave  
To see your Gen'ral's Mistress made a Slave. [All Draw.]

*Ind.* Hold, my dear Love! if so much pow'r there lyes,  
As once you own'd, in *Indamora's* Eyes.

Lose not the Honour you have early won;  
But stand the blameless Pattern of a Son.

My Love your Claim inviolate secures:  
'Tis writ in Fate, I can be only yours.

My Sufferings for you make your Heart my due:  
Be worthy me, as I am worthy you.

I've thought, and blest'd be you who gave me time:  
[Aur. putting up his Sword.]

My Virtue was surpriz'd into a Crime.  
Strong Virtue, like strong Nature, struggles still:

Exerts it self, and then throws off the ill.  
I to a Son's and Lover's praise aspire:

And must fulfil the parts which both require.  
How dear the cure of Jealousie has cost!

With too much care and tenderness y'are lost!  
So



So the fond Youth from Hell redeem'd his Prize,  
 'Till looking back, she vanish'd from his Eyes.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT II.

*Betwixt the ACTS, a Warlike Tune is plaid, shooting off  
 Guns, and shouts of Soldiers are heard, as in an Assault.*

Aurenge-Zebe, Arimant, Asaph Chan, Fazel Chan, Solyman.

*Aur.* **W**Hat Man could do, was by *Morat* perform'd,  
 The Fortrefs thrice himself in Person storm'd.  
 Your Valour bravely did th' Assault sustain:  
 And fill'd the Moats and Ditches with the Stain.

'Till, mad with Rage, into the Breach he fir'd:  
 Slew Friends and Foes, and in the Smoak retir'd.

*Arim.* To us you give what Praises are not due:

*Morat* was thrice repuls'd, but thrice by you.

High, over all, was your great Conduct shown:

You fought our Safety, but forgot your own.

*Asaph.* Their Standard, planted on the Battlement,

Despair and Death among the Soldiers sent:

You the bold *Omrah* tumbled from the Wall,

And shouts of Victory pursu'd his Fall.

*Fazel.* To you, alone, we owe this prosp'rous Day:

Our Wives and Children rescu'd from the prey:

Know your own Int'rest, Sir, where e'er you lead,

We jointly vow to own no other Head.

*Solym.* Your Wrongs are known. Impose but your Commands,

This hour shall bring you Twenty Thousand Hands.

*Aur.* Let them who truly would appear my Friends,

Employ their Swords, like mine, for noble ends.

No more: Remember you have bravely done:

Shall Treason end what Loyalty begun?

I own no Wrongs, some Grievance I confess,

But Kings, like Gods, at their own time redress:

Yet, some becoming boldness I may use:

I've well deserv'd, nor will he now refuse.

I'll strike my Fortunes with him at a heat:

And give him not the leisure to forget

[*Aside.*]

*Arim.* Oh! *Indamora*, hide these fatal Eyes:

Too deep they wound whom they too soon surprize:

My

My Virtue, Prudence, Honour, Interest, all  
Before this Universal Monarch fall.  
Beauty, like Ice, our footing does betray;  
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way?  
Pleas'd with the Passage we slide swiftly on,  
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun.

To him Indamora.

*Ind.* I hope my Liberty may reach thus far:  
These Terras-Walks within my Limits are.  
I came to seek you, and to let you know,  
How much I to your generous Pity owe.  
The King, when he design'd you for my Guard,  
Resolv'd he would not make my Bondage hard:  
If otherwise, you have deceiv'd his end;  
And whom he meant a Guardian, made a Friend.

*Arim.* A Guardian's Title I must own with shame:  
But should be prouder of another Name.

*Ind.* And therefore 'twas I chang'd that name before:  
I call'd you Friend, and could wish you for more?

*Arim.* I dare not ask for what you would not grant:  
But Wishes, Madam, are extravagant.  
They are not bounded with things possible:  
I may wish more than I presume to tell.  
Desire's the vast extent of Human Mind,  
It mounts above, and leaves poor Hope behind.  
I could wish——

*Ind.* What?

*Arim.* Why did you speak? you've dash'd my Fancy quite:  
Ev'n in the approaching Minute of Delight.  
I must take breath——

E'er I the Rapture of my Wish renew,  
And tell you then, it terminates in you.

*Ind.* Have you consider'd what th' Event would be?  
Or know you, *Arimant*, your self, or me?  
Were I no Queen, did you my Beauty weigh,  
My Youth in Bloom, your Age in its decay?

*Arim.* I, my own Judge, condemn'd my Self before:  
For Pity aggravate my Crime no more.  
So weak I am, I with a Frown am slain:  
You need have us'd but half so much Disdain.

*Ind.* I am not cruel yet to that degree:  
Have better thoughts both of your self, and me.  
Beauty a Monarch is,  
Which Kingly Power magnificently proves.  
By Crouds of Slaves, and Peopled Empire loves.  
And such a Slave as you; what Queen would lose?  
Above the rest; I *Arimant* would chuse:



For Counsel, Valour, Truth, and Kindness too,  
All I could wish in Man, I find in you.

*Arim.* What Lover could to greater Joy be rais'd!  
I am, methinks, a God by you thus prais'd!

*Ind.* To what may not Desert, like yours, pretend?  
You have all Qualities——that fit a Friend.

*Arim.* So Mariners mistake the promis'd Coast:  
And, with full Sails, on the blind Rocks are lost.  
Think you my aged Veins so faintly beat,  
They rise no higher than to Friendship's heat?  
So weak your Charms, that, like a Winter's Night,  
Twinkling with Stars, they freeze me while they light?

*Ind.* Mistake me not, good *Arimant*, I know  
My Beauty's Pow'r, and what my Charms can do.  
You your own Talent have not learn'd so well;  
But practise one, where you can ne'er excell.  
You can at most,  
To an indiff'rent Lover's praise pretend:  
But you would spoil an admirable Friend.

*Arim.* Never was Amity so highly priz'd;  
Nor ever any Love so much despis'd.  
Ev'n to my self ridiculous I grow;  
And would be angry, if I knew but how.

*Ind.* Do not. Your Anger, like your Love, is vain:  
When e're I please, you must be pleas'd again,  
Knowing what pow'r I have your Will to bend,  
I'll use it; for I need just such a Friend.  
You must perform, not what you think is fit:  
But to what-ever I propose, submit.

*Arim.* Madam, you have a strange Ascendant gain'd;  
You use me like a Courser, Spurr'd and Reign'd:  
If I fly out, my fierceness you command,  
Then sooth, and gently stroke me with your Hand:  
Impose; but use your power of Taxing well:  
When Subjects cannot Pay, they soon Rebel.

*Enter the Emperor, unseen by them.*

*Ind.* My Rebels punishment would easie prove;  
You know y'are in my pow'r by making Love.

*Arim.* Would I, without dispute, your Will obey,  
And could you, in return, my Life betray?

*Emp.* What danger, *Arimant*, is this you fear?  
Or what Love secret which I must not here?  
These alter'd Looks some inward Motion show,  
His Cheeks are pale, and yours with Blushes glow. [*To her.*]

*Ind.* 'Tis what, with Justice, may my Anger move;  
He has been bold, and talk'd to me of Love.

*Arim.*

*Arim.* I am betray'd, and shall be doom'd to die!

[*Aside.*

*Emp.* Did he, my Slave, presume to look so high?  
That crawling Insect, who from Mud began,  
Warm'd by my Beams, and kindl'd into Man?  
Durst he, who does but for my Pleasure live,  
Intrench on Love, my great Prerogative?  
Print his base Image on his Sovereign Coin?  
'Tis Treason if he stamp't his Love with mine.

*Arim.* 'Tis true, I have been bold; but if it be  
A Crime——

*Ind.*——He means, 'tis only so to me.  
You, Sir, should praise, what I must disapprove,  
He insolently talk'd to me of Love:  
But, Sir, 'twas yours, he made it in your Name:  
You, if you please, may all he said disclaim.

*Emp.* I must disclaim what're he can express:  
His groveling Sense will shew my Passion less.  
But stay, if what he said my Message be,  
What Fear, what Danger could arrive from me?  
He said, he fear'd you would his Life betray.

*Ind.* Should he presume again, perhaps I may.  
Though in your hands he hazard not his Life,  
Remember, Sir, your Fury of a Wife;  
Who, not content to be reveng'd on you,  
The Agents of your Passion will pursue.

*Emp.* If I but here her nam'd I'm sick that day;  
The Sound is mortal, and frights Life away.  
Forgive me, *Arimant*, my jealous Thought:  
Distrust in Lovers is the Tender's fault.  
Leave me, and tell thy self in my excuse,  
Love, and a Crown, no Rivalship can bear;  
And precious things are still possess'd with fear.

[*Exit Arimant Bowing.*

This, Madam, my excuse to you may plead;  
Love should forgive the Faults which Love has made.

*Ind.* From me, what Pardon can you hope to have,  
Robb'd of my Love, and treated as a Slave?

*Emp.* Force is the last Relief which Lovers find:  
And 'tis the best Excuse of Woman kind.

*Ind.* Force never yet a generous Heart did gain;  
We yield on Parly, but are storm'd in vain.  
Constraint in all things makes the Pleasure less;  
Sweet is the Love which comes with Willingness.

*Emp.* No, 'tis Resistance that inflames Desire:  
Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire.  
Love is disarm'd that meets with too much Ease;  
He languishes, and does not care to please.

And



And therefore 'tis your Golden Fruit you guard  
With so much care, to make Possession hard.

*Ind.* Was't not enough, you took my Crown away,  
But cruelly you must my Love betray?

I was well pleas'd to have transferr'd my Right,  
And better chang'd your Claim of lawless Might,  
By taking him, whom you esteem'd above  
Your other Sons, and taught me first to Love.

*Emp.* My Son by my Command his course must steer:  
I bad him Love, I bid him now forbear.

If you have any Kindness for him still,  
Advise him not to shock a Father's Will.

*Ind.* Must I advise?

Then let me see him, and I'll try t'obey.

*Emp.* I had forgot, and dare not trust your way.  
But send him word,

He has not here an Army to Command:  
Remember he and you are in my Hand.

*Ind.* Yes, in a Father's hand, whom he has serv'd;

And, with the hazard of his Life, preserv'd.

But Piety to you, unhappy Prince,

Becomes a Crime, and Duty an Offence:

Against your self, you with your Foes combine,

And seem your own Destruction to design.

*Emp.* You may be pleas'd your Politicks to spare:

I'm old enough, and can my self take care.

*Ind.* Advice from me was, I confess, too bold:

Y'are old enough, it may be, Sir, too old:

*Emp.* You please your self with your contempt of Age:

But Love, neglected, will convert to Rage,

If on your head my Fury does not turn,

Thank that fond Dotage which so much you scorn.

But, in another's Person you may prove,

There's warmth for Vengeance left, though not for Love.

*Re-enter Arimant.*

*Arim.* The Empress has the Anti-Chambers pass'd

And this way moves with a disorder'd haste:

Her Brows, the stormy Marks of Anger bear.

*Emp.* Madam, retire: She must not find you here.

*Exit Indamora with Arimant.*

*Enter Nourmahal hastily.*

*Nour.* What have I done, that *Nourmahal* must prove  
The Scorn and Triumph of a Rival's Love?

My

My Eyes are still the same, each Glance, each Grace,  
Keep their first Lustre, and maintain their Place;  
Not second yet to any other Face.

*Emp.* What Rage transports you? Are you well awake?  
Such Dreams distracted Minds in Feavers make.

*Nour.* Those Feavers you have giv'n, those Dreams have bred,  
By broken Faith, and an abandon'd Bed.

Such Visions hourly pass before my Sight;  
Which from my Eyes their balmy Slumbers fright:

In the severest silence of the Night;

Visions which in this Cittadel are seen;

Bright, Glorious Visions of a Rival Queen.

*Emp.* Have patience, my first Flames can ne'er decay:  
These are but Dreams, and soon will pass away.

Thou know'st, my Heart, my Empire, all is thine:

In thy own Heav'n of Love serenely shine:

Fair as the Face of Nature did appear,

When Flowers first peep'd, and Trees did Blossoms bear,

And Winter had not yet deform'd th' inverted Year.

Calm as the Breath which fans our Eastern Grove,

And bright as when thy Eyes first lighted up our Loves.

Let our Eternal Peace be seal'd by this,

With the first Ardour of a Nuptial Kiss.

[Offers to Kiss her.

*Nour.* Me would you have, me your faint Kisses prove,  
The dregs and droppings of enervate Love?

Must I your cold long-labouring Age sustain,

And be to empty Joys provok'd in vain?

Receive your sighing after other Charms,

And take an absent Husband in my Arms?

*Emp.* Even these Reproaches I can bear from you,

You doubted of my Love, believe it true:

Nothing but Love this Patience could produce,

And I allow your Rage that kind Excuse.

*Nour.* Call it not Patience, 'tis your Guilt stands mute:

You have a Cause too foul to bear dispute.

You wrong me first, and urge my Rage to rise,

Then I must pass for Mad, you, Meek and Wise,

Good Man, plead Merit by your soft Replies.

Vain privilege, poor Women have of Tongue:

Man can stand silent, and resolve on Wrong.

*Emp.* What can I more? my Friendship you refuse:

And even my Mildness, as my Crime accuse.

*Nour.* Your sullen Silence cheats not me, false Man;

I know you think the bloodiest things you can.

Could you accuse me, you would raise your Voice:

Watch for my Crimes, and in my Guilt rejoice.



But my known Virtue is from Scandal free,  
And leaves no shadow for your Calumny.

*Emp.* Such Virtue is the Plague of Human Life  
A Virtuous Woman, but a curst Wife.  
In vain of pompous Chastity y're proud:  
Virtue's Adultery of the Tongue, when loud,  
I, with less pain, a Postitute could bear,  
Than the shrill sound of Virtue, Virtue hear.  
In unchaste Wives——

There's yet a kind of recompensing ease;  
Vice keeps 'em humble, gives 'em care to please:  
But against clamorous Virtue, What Defence?  
It stops our Mouths, and gives your Noise pretence.

*Nour.* Since Virtue does your Indignation raise,  
'Tis pity but you had that Wife you praise.  
Your own wild Appetites are prone to range;  
And then you tax our Humours with your Change.

*Emp.* What can be sweeter than our Native Home!  
Thither for Ease, and soft Repose, we come:  
Home is the Sacred Refuge of our Life:  
Secur'd from all Approaches, but a Wife.  
If thence we fly, the Cause admits no doubt:  
None but an Inmate Foe could force us out.  
Clamours our Privacies uneasie make:  
Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts their Haunts forsake.

*Nour.* Honour's my Crime that hath your loathing bred:  
You take no pleasure in a Virtuous Bed.

*Emp.* What pleasure can there be in that Estate,  
Which your Unquietness has made me hate?  
I shrink far off——

Dissembling Sleep, but wakeful with the fright,  
The Day takes off the pleasure of the Night.

*Nour.* My Thoughts no other Joys but Pow'r pursue:  
Or, if they did, they must be lost in you.  
And yet the fault's not mine——

Though Youth and Beauty cannot Warmth command;  
The Sun in vain shines on the barren Sand.

*Emp.* 'Tis true, of Marriage Bands I'm weary grown;  
Love scorns all Ties, but those that are his own.  
Chains that are dragg'd, must needs uneasie prove:  
For there's a God-like Liberty in Love.

*Nour.* What's Love to you?  
The Bloom of Beauty other Years demands,  
Nor will be gather'd by such wither'd Hands:  
You importune it with a false Desire,  
Which sparkles out, and makes no solid fire.

This

This impudence of Age, whence can it spring?  
All you expect, and yet you nothing bring.  
Eager to ask, when you are past a Grant:  
Nice in providing what you cannot want.  
Have Conscience, give not her you love this Pain;  
Sollicit not your self, and her, in vain.

All other Debts may Compensation find;  
But Love is strict, and will be paid in kind.

*Emp.* Sure, of all Ills, Domestick are the worst:  
When most secure of Blessings, we are curst.  
When we lay next us what we hold most dear,  
Like *Hercules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear,  
And cleaving Mischiefs.

*Nour.* ——— What you merit, have:  
And share, at least, the Miseries you gave.  
Your Days I will alarm, I'll haunt your Nights;  
And, worse than Age, disable your Delights.  
May your sick Fame still languish 'till it die:  
All Offices of Pow'r neglected lye,  
And you grow cheap in every Subject's Eye.  
Then, as the greatest Curse, that I can give,  
Unpity'd, be depos'd; and after live.

*Emp.* Stay; and now learn,  
How Criminal foe'er we Husbands are,  
'Tis not for Wives to push our Crimes too far.  
Had you still Mistress of your Temper been,  
I had been modest, and not own'd my Sin.  
Your Fury hardens me, and what e're Wrong  
You suffer, you have cancell'd by your Tongue.  
A Guard there; seize her: She shall know this hour,  
What is a Husband's, and a Monarch's Pow'r.

*Enter Aurunge-Zebe.*  
*Nour.* I see from whom your Charter you maintain:  
I must be fetter'd, and my Son be slain,  
That *Zelyma's* ambitious Race may Reign.  
Not so you promis'd, when my Beauty drew  
All *Asia's* Vows; when *Persia* left for you,  
The Realm of *Candahar* for Dow'r I brought:  
That long contended Prize for which you fought.

*Aur.* The name of Step-Mother, your practis'd Art,  
By which you have estrang'd my Father's Heart,  
All you have done against me, on design,  
Shews your Aversion, but begets not mine.  
Long may my Father *India's* Empire guide:  
And may no Breach your Nuptial Vows divide.

*Emp.* Since Love obliges not, I from this Hour  
Assume the right of Man's Despotick Pow'r:



Man is by Nature form'd your Sex's Head:

And is himself the Cannon of his Bed.

In Bands of Iron fetter'd you shall be:

An easier Yoak than what you put on me.

*Aur.* Though much I fear my Interest is not great,

[*Kneeling*]

Let me your Royal Clemency intreat.

Secrets of Marriage still are Sacred held:

There sweet and bitter by the Wife conceal'd.

Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands still:

And, when divulg'd, proclaim you've chosen ill.

And the Mysterious Pow'r of Bed and Throne,

Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shown.

*Emp.* To so perverse a Sex all Grace is vain;

It gives 'em Courage to offend again.

For with feign'd Tears they Penitence pretend:

Again are pardon'd, and again offend.

Fathom our Pity when they seem to grieve;

Only to try how far we can forgive.

Till lanching out into a Sea of strife.

They scorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife.

But be it as you please; for your lov'd sake,

This last and fruitless Trial I will make.

In all Requests, you right of Merit use:

And know, There is but one I can refuse.

[*He signs to the Guards, and they remove from the Empress.*]

*Nour.* You've done enough, for you desigh'd my Chains:

The Grace is vanish'd, but th' Affront remains.

Nor is't a Grace, or for his Merit done;

You durst no farther, for you fear'd my Son.

This you have gain'd by the rough course you prove;

I'm past Repentance, and you past my Love.

[*Exit.*]

*Emp.* A Spirit so untam'd the World ne'er bore.

*Aur.* And yet worse Usage had incens'd her more.

But since by no Obligement she is ty'd,

You must betimes for your Defence provide.

I cannot idle in your Danger stand:

But beg once more I may your Arms Command.

Two Battels your auspicious Cause has won;

My Sword can perfect what it has begun.

And from your Walls dislodge that haughty Son.

*Emp.* My Son, your Valour has, this day, been such,

None can enough admire, or praise too much.

But now, with reason, your Success I doubt:

Her Faction's strong within, his Arms without.

*Aur.* I left the City in a Panick Fright:  
Lions they are in Council, Lambs in Fight.  
But my own Troops, by *Mirzah* led, are near:  
I, by to Morrow's dawn, expect 'em here.  
To favour 'em, I'll sally out to-day:  
And through our slaughter'd Foes enlarge their way.

*Emp.* Age has not yet  
So shrunk my Sinews, or so chill'd my Veins,  
But conscious Virtue in my Breast remains.  
But had I now  
That Strength, with which my boiling Youth was fraught;  
When in the Vale of *Belasor* I fought,  
And from *Bangale* their Captive Monarch brought.  
When Elephant 'gainst Elephant did rear  
His Trunk, and Castles just'd in the Air,  
My Sword thy way to Victory had shown:  
And ow'd the Conquest to it self alone.

*Aur.* Those fair Idea's to my Aid I'll call,  
And emulate my great Original.  
Or, if they fail, I will invoke in Arms  
The Power of Love, and *Indamora's* Charms.

*Emp.* I doubt the happy Influence of your Stars:  
T'invoke a Captive's Name, bodes ill in War.

*Aur.* Sir, give me leave to say, what ever now  
The Omen prove, it boded well to you.  
Your Royal Promise, when I went to fight,  
Oblig'd me to resign a Victor's Right:  
Her Liberty I fought for, and I won:  
And claim it as your General, and your Son.

*Emp.* My Ears still ring with Noise, I'm vex'd to Death  
Tongue-kill'd, and have not yet recover'd Breath.  
Nor will I be prescrib'd my time by you:  
First end the War, and then your Claim renew.  
While to your Conduct I my Fortune trust,  
To keep this pledge of Duty is but just.

*Aur.* Some hidden cause your Jealousie does move,  
Or you could ne'er suspect my Loyal Love.

*Emp.* What Love soever by an Heir is shown,  
He waits but time to step into the Throne.  
You're neither justify'd, nor yet accus'd:  
Mean while, the Pris'ner with Respect is us'd.

*Aur.* I know the Kindness of her Guardian such,  
I need not fear too little, but too much.  
But how, Sir, how have you from Virtue swerv'd?  
Or what so ill Return have I deserv'd?

You



You doubt not me, nor have I spent my Blood,  
To have my Faith no better understood:  
Your Soul's above the baseness of Distrust;  
Nothing but Love could make you so unjust.

*Emp.* You know your Rival then; and know, 'tis fit  
The Son's should to the Father's Claim submit.

*Aur.* Sons may have Right which they can never quit.  
Your self first made that Title which I Claim:  
First bid me Love, and Authoris'd my Flame.

*Emp.* The Value of my Gift I did not know:  
If I could give, I can refuse it too.

*Aur.* Recal your Gift, for I your Power confess:  
But first, take back my Life, a Gift that's less.  
Long Life would now but a long Burthen prove:  
You're grown unkind, and I have lost your Love.  
My Grief let unbecoming Speeches fall:  
I should have dy'd, and not complain'd at all.

*Emp.* Witness, ye Pow'rs,  
How much I suffer'd, and how long I strove  
Against th' Assaults of this imperious Love!  
I represented to my self the shame  
Of perjur'd Faith, and violated Fame.  
Your great Deserts, how ill they were repay'd;  
All Arguments, in vain, I urg'd and weigh'd:  
For mighty Love, who Prudence does despise,  
For Reason, shew'd me *Indamora's* Eyes.

What would you more, my Crime I sadly view,  
Acknowledge, am asham'd, and yet pursue.

*Aur.* Since you can Love, and yet your Error see,  
The same resistless Pow'r may plead for me.  
With no less Ardor I my Claim pursue:  
I Love, and cannot yield her even to you.

*Emp.* Your Elder Brother's, who o'ercome, have Right;  
The Youngest yet in Arms prepar'd to Fight.  
But, yielding her, I firmly have decreed,  
That you alone to Empire shall succeed.

*Aur.* To after Ages let me stand a Shame,  
When I exchange for Crowns my Love or Fame.  
You might have found a Mercenary Son,  
To profit of the Battels he had won:  
Had I been such, what hinder'd me to take  
The Crown? Nor had th' exchange been yours to make.  
While you are living, I no Right pretend;  
Wear it, and let it, where you please, descend.  
But from my Love 'tis Sacrilege to part  
There, there's my Throne, in *Indamora's* Heart.

*Emp.*

# The Great Mogul R U A

**Emp.** 'Tis in her Heart alone that you must Reign;  
You'll find her Person difficult to gain.  
Give willingly what I can take by Force:  
And know, Obedience is your safest course.

**Aur.** I'm taught, by Honour's Precepts, to obey:  
Fear to Obedience is a slavish way.  
If ought my want of Duty could beget;  
You take the most prevailing means, to threat.  
Pardon your Blood that boils within my Veins;  
It rises high, and Menacing disdains.  
Even Death's become to me no dreadful Name:  
I've often met him, and have made him tame.  
In Fighting Fields, where our Acquaintance grew,  
I saw him, and contemn'd him first for you.

**Emp.** Of formal Duty make no more thy boast:  
Thou disobey'st where it concerns me most.  
Fool, with both Hands thus to push back a Crown;  
And headlong cast thy self from Empire down!  
Though *Nourmahal* I hate, her Son shall Reign:  
Inglorious thou, by thy own fault, remain.  
Thy Younger Brother I'll admit this hour;  
So mine shall be thy Mistress, his thy Pow'r.

**Aur.** How vain is Virtue, which directs our ways  
Through certain Dangers, to uncertain Praise!  
Barren, and airy Name! Thee Fortune flies;  
With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wise.  
Heav'n takes thee at thy Word without regard;  
And lets thee poorly be thy own Reward.  
The World is made for the bold impious Man;  
Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.  
Justice to Merit does weak Aid afford;  
She trusts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword.  
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own;  
And, while she long consults, the Prize is gone.

To him Dianet.

**Dia.** Forgive the Bearer of unhappy News:  
Your alter'd Father openly pursues  
Your Ruin; and to compass his intent,  
For violent *Morat* in haste has sent.  
The Gates he order'd all to be unbarr'd:  
And from the Market-Place to draw the Guard.

**Aur.** How look the People in this turn of State?

**Dia.** They mourn your Ruin as their proper Fate,  
Cursing the Empress; for they think it done  
By her procurement, to advance her Son.  
Him too, though aw'd, they scarcely can forbear;  
His Pride they hate, his Violence they fear.



## A U R E N G E Z E B E: Or,

All bent to rise, would you appear their Chief,  
'Till your own Troops come up to your Relief.

*Anr.* Ill treated, and forsaken as I am,  
I'll not betray the Glory of my Name:  
'Tis not for me, who have preserv'd a State,  
To buy an Empire at so base a Rate.

*Dia.* The points of Honour, Poets may produce;  
Trappings of Life, for Ornament, not Use.  
Honour, which only does the Name advance,  
Is the meer raving Madness of Romance.  
Pleas'd with a word, you may sit tamely down;  
And see your Younger Brother force the Crown.

*Anr.* I know my Fortune in extremes does lye:  
The Sons of *Indostan* must Reign, or die.  
That desperate hazard Courage does create;  
As he plays frankly who has least Estate.  
And that the World the Coward will despise,  
When Life's a Blank, who pulls not for a Prize?

*Dia.* Of all your Knowledge, this vain Fruit you have,  
To walk with Eyes broad open to your Grave.

*Anr.* From what I've said, conclude, without Reply,  
I neither would usurp, nor tamely die.  
Th' attempt to fly, would Guilt betray, or Fear:  
Besides, 'twere vain; the Fort's our Prison here.  
Somewhat I have resolv'd——

*Dia.* Perhaps, has Honour in his Breast:  
And, in extremes, bold Counsels are the best.  
Like Emp'rick Remedies, they last are try'd;  
And by th' Event condemn'd, or justify'd.

Presence of Mind, and Courage in Distress,  
Are more than Armies to procure Success.

[Exit.]

## A C T III.

*Arimant, with a Letter in his hand, Indamora.*

*Arim.* **A**ND I the Messenger to him from you?  
Your Empire you to Tyranny pursue:  
You lay Commands, both cruel and unjust,  
To serve my Rival, and betray my Trust.

*Ind.* You first betray'd your Trust in loving me.  
And should not I my own advantage see?  
Serving my Love, you may my Friendship gain,  
You know the best of your Pretences vain.

You

You must, my *Arimant*, you must be kind:

'Tis in your Nature, and your Noble Mind.

*Arim.* I'll to the King, and strait my Trust resign.

*Ind.* His Trust you may, but you shall never mine.

Heav'n made you love for me no other end,

But to become my Confident and Friend.

As such, I keep no Secret from your sight,

And therefore make you judge how ill I write:

Read it, and tell me freely then your Mind;

If 'tis indited, as I meant it, kind.

*Arim. Reading.]* I ask not Heav'n my Freedom to restore,

But only for your sake—I'll Read no more:

And yet I must——

*Reading.]* Less for my own, than for your Sorrow, sad——

Another Line like this wou'd make me mad——

*As Reading.]* Heav'n! she goes on—yet more—and yet more kind!

Each Sentence is a Dagger to my Mind.

*Reading.]* See me this Night——

Thank Fortune, who did such a Friend provide,

For faithful *Arimant* shall be your Guide:

Not only to be made an Instrument,

But pre-ingag'd without my own Consent,

*Ind.* Unknown t'ingage you still augment my score,

And gives you scope of meriting the more.

*Arim.* The best of Men

Some Int'rest in their Actions must confess;

None merit, but in hope they may possess.

The fatal Paper rather let me tear,

Than, like *Bellerophon*, my own Sentence bear.

*Ind.* You may, but 'twill not be your best Advice;

'Twill only give me pains of writing twice.

You know you must obey me, soon or late:

Why should you vainly struggle with your Fate?

*Arim.* I thank thee, Heav'n, thou hast been wondrous kind!

Why am I thus to Slavery design'd,

And yet am cheated with a Free-born Mind?

Or make thy Orders with my Reason sute,

Or let me live by Sense a Glorious Brute——

You frown, and I obey with speed, before

That dreadful Sentence comes, *See me no more!*

*See me no more!* that Sound, methinks, I hear

Like the last Trumpet thun'dring in my Ear.

*Enter Solyman.*

*Solym.* The Princess *Melofinda*, bath'd in Tears,

'And toss'd alternately with Hopes and Fears;



If your Affairs such leisure can afford,  
Would learn from you the Fortunes of her Lord.

*Arim.* Tell her, that I some Certainty may bring.  
I go this minute to attend the King.

*Ind.* This lonely Turtle I desire to see:  
Grief, though not cur'd, is eas'd by Company.

*Arim.* To Solym.] Say, if she please, she hither may repair.  
And breath the freshness of the open Air.

[Exit Solym.]

*Ind.* Poor Princess! How I pity her Estate,  
Wrapt in the Ruins of her Husband's Fate;  
She mourn'd *Morat* should in Rebellion rise;  
Yet he offends, and she's the Sacrifice.

*Arim.* Not knowing his Design, at Court she staid;  
'Till, by command, close Pris'ner she was made.  
Since when,

Her Chains with *Roman* Constancy she bore;  
But that, perhaps, an *Indian* Wife's is more.

*Ind.* Go, bring her Comfort: leave me here alone.

*Arim.* My Love must still be in Obedience shown.

[Exit Arim.]

*Enter Melesinda, led by Solyman, who retires afterwards.*

*Ind.* When graceful Sorrow in her Pomp appears,  
Sure she is dress'd in *Melesinda's* Tears.  
Your Head reclin'd, (as hiding Grief from view)  
Droops, like a Rose surcharg'd with Morning Dew.

*Mel.* Can Flow'rs but droop in absence of the Sun,  
Which wak'd their Sweets? and mine, alas! is gone.  
But you the Noblest Charity express:  
For they who shine in Courts still shun Distress.

*Ind.* Distress'd my self, like you, confin'd I lived:  
And therefore can Compassion take; and give.  
We're both Love's Captives, but with Fate so cross,  
One must be happy by the others loss.

*Morat* or *Aureng-Zebe* must fall this day.

*Mel.* Too truly *Tamerlain's* Successors they,  
Each thinks a World too little for his sway.  
Could you and I the same Pretences bring,  
Mankind should with more ease receive a King:  
I would to you the narrow World resign,  
And want no Empire while *Morat* was mine.

*Ind.* Wish'd Freedom I presage you soon will find;  
If Heav'n be Just, and be to Virtue kind.

*Mel.* Quite otherwise my Mind foretels my Fate:  
Short is my Life, and that unfortunate.  
Yet should I not complain, would Heav'n afford  
Some little time, ere Death, to see my Lord.

*Ind.*

*Ind.* These Thoughts are but your Melancholy's Food;  
Rais'd from a lonely Life, and dark Abode:

But whatsoe'er our jarring Fortunes prove,  
Though our Lords hate, methinks we two may Love.

*Mel.* Such be our Loves as may not yeild to Fate:  
I bring a Heart more true then fortunate

*To them* Arimant.

*Arim.* I come with haste, surprizing News to bring:

In two hours time, since last I saw the King,

Th' Affairs of Court have wholly chang'd their Face:

Unhappy *Aurenge-Zebe* is in Disgrace:

And your *Morat* (Proclaim'd the Successor)

Is call'd to awe the City with his Power.

Those Trumpets his Triumphant Entry tell,

And now the Shouts waste near the Cittadel.

*Ind.* See, Madam, see th' Event by me fore-shown:

I envy not your Change, but grieve my own.

*Mel.* A Change so unexpected must surprize:

And more because I am unus'd to Joys.

*Ind.* May all your Wishes ever prosp'rous be,

But I'm too much concern'd th' Event to see.

My Eyes too tender are——

To view my Lord become the publick Scorn:

I came to comfort, and I go to mourn.

*Mel.* Stay; I'll not see my Lord,

Before I give your Sorrow some Relief;

And pay the Charity you lent my Grief.

Here he shall see me first with you confin'd:

And if your Virtue fail to move his Mind,

I'll use my Int'rest that he may be kind.

Fear not, I never mov'd him yet in vain.

*Ind.* So fair a Pleader any Cause may gain:

*Mel.* I have no Taft, methinks, of coming Joy:

For black Prefages all my Hopes destroy.

Die, something whispers, *Melesinda*, die;

Fulfil, fulfil thy mournful Destiny.

Mine is a gleam of Blis too hot to last,

Watry it shines, and will be sooh o'ercast.

*Indamora and Melesinda Re-enter as into the Chamber.*

*Arim.* Fortune seems weary grown of *Aurenge-Zebe*;

While to her new-made Favourite, *Morat*,

Her lavisht Hand is wastfully profuse:

With Fame and Flowing Honours Tided in,

Born on a swelling Current smooth beneath him.

The King and haughty Empress, to our wonder,

If not atton'd, yet seemingly at Peace;

As Fate for him that Miracle reserv'd.



## AURENGE-ZEBE Or,

*Enter in Triumph, Emperor, Morat, and Train.*

**Emp.** I have confess'd I Love.  
As I interpret fairly your Design,  
So look not with severer Eyes on mine.  
Your Fate has call'd you to th' Imperial Seat:  
In Duty be, as you in Arms are great.  
For *Aurenge-Zebe* a hated Name is grown,  
And Love less bears a Rival than the Throne.

**Morat.** To me, the cries of fighting Fields are Charms;  
Keen by my Sable, and of proof my Arms.  
I ask no other Blessing of my Stars:  
No Prize but Fame, nor Mistress but the Wars.  
I scarce am pleas'd, I tamely mount the Throne:  
Would *Aurenge-Zebe* had all their Souls in one:  
With all my elder Brothers I would fight,  
And so from partial Nature force my Right.

**Emp.** Had we but lasting Youth, and Time to spare,  
Some might be thrown away on Fame and War.  
But Youth, the perishing Goods, runs on too fast;  
And uninjoy'd will spend it self to waste:  
Few know the use of Life before 'tis past.  
Had I once more thy Vigour to command,  
I would not let it die upon my hand.  
No hour of Pleasure should pass empty by,  
Youth should watch Joys, and shoot 'em as they fly.

**Morat.** Methinks all Pleasure is in Greatness found:  
Kings, like Heav'n's Eye, should spread their Beams around.  
Pleas'd to be seen, while Glory's Race they run:  
Rest is not for the Chariot of the Sun.  
Subjects are stiff-neck'd Animals, they soon  
Feel slacken'd Reins, and pitch their Rider down.

**Emp.** To thee that Drudgery of Pow'r I give:  
Cares be thy Lot, Reign thou, and let me live.  
The Fort I'll keep for my Security,  
Bus'ness and publick State resign to thee.

**Morat.** Luxurious Kings are to their People lost;  
They live, like Drones, upon the publick Cost.  
My Arms, from Pole to Pole, the World shall shake;  
And, with my self, keep all Mankind awake.

**Emp.** Believe me, Son, and needless trouble spare;  
'Tis a base World, and is not worth our care.  
The Vulgar, a scarce animated Clod,  
Ne'er pleas'd with ought above 'em Prince or God.  
Were I a God, the drunken Globe should roll;  
The little Emmets with the Human Soul.

Care for themselves; while at my Ease I fate,  
And second Causes did the work of Fate.  
Or, if I would take care, that Care should be,  
For Wit, that scorn'd the World, and liv'd like me.

*To them Nourmahal, Zayda, and Attendants.*

*Nour.* My dear *Morat*,

[*Embracing her Son.*

This Day propitious to us all has been:  
You're now a Monarch's Heir, and I a Queen.  
Your Youthful Father now may quit the State,  
And find the Ease he sought, indulg'd by Fate.  
Cares shall not keep him on the Throne awake,  
Nor break the Golden Slumbers he would take.

*Emp.* In vain I struggl'd to the Goal of Life,  
While Rebel-Sons, and an imperious Wife,  
Still dragg'd me backwards into Noise and Strife.

*Mor.* Be that Remembrance lost; and be't my Pride  
To be your Pledge of Peace on either side.

*To them Aurenge-Zebe.*

*Aur.* With all th' assurance Innocence can bring,  
Fearless without, because secure within,  
Arm'd with my Courage, unconcern'd I see  
This Pomp; a Shame to you, a Pride to me.  
Shame is but where with Wickedness 'tis join'd;  
And, while no Baseness in this Breast I find,  
I have not lost the Birth-right of my Mind.

*Emp.* Children (the blind effect of Love and Chance,  
Form'd by their sportive Parents Ignorance)  
Bear from their Birth th' impressions of a Slave:  
Whom Heav'n for Play-games first, and then for Service gave.  
One then may be displac'd, and one may Reign:  
And want of Merit, render Birth-right vain.

*Mor.* Comes he t' upbraid us with his Innocence?  
Seize him, and take the preaching *Brachman* hence.

*Aur.* Stay, Sir; I, from my Years, no Merit plead: [To his Father.  
All my Designs and Acts to Duty lead.  
Your Life and Glory are my only end;  
And for that Prize I with *Morat* contend.

*Mor.* Not him alone; I all Mankind defie,  
Who dares adventure more for both than I?

*Aur.* I know you brave, and take you at your word:  
That present Service which you vaunt, afford.  
Our two Rebellious Brothers are not dead:  
Though vanquish'd, yet again they gather head.  
I dare you, as your Rival in Renown,  
March out your Army from th' Imperial Towns:  
Chuse whom you please, the other leave to me:  
And set our Father absolutely free.

This



This, if you do, to end all future Strife,

I am content to lead a private Life:

Disband my Army to secure the State,

Nor aim at more, but leave the rest to Fate.

*Mor.* I'll do't. Draw out my Army on the Plain:  
War is to me a Pastime, Peace a Pain.

*Emp. To Morat.]* Think better first.  
*To Aur.]* You see your self inclos'd beyond Escape,  
And therefore, *Proteus* like, you change your shape.  
Of Promise prodigal, while Pow'r you want,  
And preaching in the Self-denying Cant.

*Mor.* Plot better; for these Arts too obvious are,  
Of gaining time, the Master-piece of War:  
Is *Aurenge-Zebe* so known?

*Aur.* ——— If Acts like mine,  
So far from Int'rest, Profit, or Design,  
Can show my Heart, by those I would be known;  
I wish you could as well defend your own.  
My absent Army for my Father fought:  
Yours, in these Walls, is to inflave him brought.  
If I come singly, you an armed Guest;  
The World with ease may judge whose Cause is best.

*Morat.* My Father saw you ill Designs pursue:  
And my Admission show'd his Fear of you.

*Aur.* Himself best knows why he his Love withdraws:  
I owe him more than to declare the Cause.  
But still I press our Duty may be shown  
By Arms.

*Mor.* ——— I'll vanquish all his Foes alone.

*Aur.* You speak as if you could the Fates command,  
And had no need of any other hand.  
But, since my Honour you so far suspect,  
'Tis just I should on your Designs reflect.  
To prove your self a Loyal Son, declare,  
You'll lay down Arms when you conclude the War.

*Mor.* No present Answer your Demand requires;  
The War once done, I'll do what Heav'n inspires.  
And while the Sword this Monarchy secures,  
'Tis manag'd by an abler Arm than yours.

*Emp. Morat's Design a doubtful meaning bears,*

*In Aurenge-Zebe true Loyalty appears,*  
He, for my Safety, does his own despise;  
Still, with his Wrong, I find his Duty rise.  
I feel my Virtue struggling in my Soul,  
But stronger Passions does its Pow'r control.

Yet be advis'd your Ruin to prevent,  
You might be safe, if you would give consent.

[To Aur *apart.*

*Aur.*

*Aur.* So to your welfare I of use may be,  
My Life and Death are equal both to me.

*Emp.* The Peoples Hearts are yours; the Fort yet mine:

Be wise, and *Indamora's* Love resign.  
I am observ'd, Remember that I give  
This my last proof of Kindness, Die, or Live.

*Aur.* Life, with my *Indamora* I would chuse;  
But, losing her, the end of living lose.

I had consider'd all I ought before:  
And fear of Death can make me change no more.

The Peoples Love so little I esteem,  
Condemn'd by you, I would not live by them.  
May he who must your Favour now possess,  
Much better serve you, and not Love you less.

*Emp.* I've heard you; and, to finish the Debate,  
Commit that Rebel Pris'ner to the State.

[*Aloud.*

*Mor.* The deadly Draught he shall begin this day;  
And languish with insensible decay.

*Aur.* I hate the lingring Summons to attend,  
Death all at once would be the Nobler End.

Fate is unkind; methinks a General  
Should warm, and at the Head of Armies fall.

And my Ambition did that Hope pursue,  
That so I might have dy'd in Fight for you.

[*To his Father.*

*Mor.* Would I had been disposer of thy Stars:  
Thou should'st have had thy Wish, and dy'd in Wars.

'Tis I, not thou, have reason to repine,  
That thou should'st fall by any hand, but mine,

*Aur.* When thou wert Form'd, Heav'n did a Man begin;  
But the Brute Soul, by chance, was shuffl'd in.

In Woods and Wilds thy Monarchy maintain,  
Where Valiant Beasts, by Force and Rapine Reign.

In Life's next Scene, if Transmigration be,  
Some Bear or Lion is reserv'd for thee.

*Mor.* Take heed thou com'st not in that Lion's way:  
I prophesie thou wilt thy Soul convey

Into a Lamb, and be again my Prey.

Hence with that dreaming Priest.

*Nour.* ——— Let me prepare  
The pois'nous Draught; his Death shall be my care:

Near my Apartment let him Pris'ner be,

That I his hourly ebbs of Life may see.

*Aur.* My Life I would not ransom with a Pray'r:

'Tis vile, since 'tis not worth my Father's Care.

I go not, Sir, indebted to my Grave,

You paid your self, and took the Life you gave.

[*Exit.*

*Emp.*



*Emp.* O that I had more sense of Virtue left, [Aside.]  
Or were of that, which yet remains, bereft.  
I've just enough to know how I offend,  
And, to my Shame, have not enough to mend.  
Lead to the Mosque——

*Mor.* Love's Pleasures, why should dull Devotion stay?  
Heav'n to my *Melesinda's* but the way.

[Exeunt Emperor, Morat, and Train.]

*Zayd.* Sure *Aurenge-Zebe* has somewhat of Divine,  
Whose Virtue through so dark a Cloud can shine.  
Fortune has from *Morat* this day remov'd  
The greatest Rival, and the best belov'd.

*Nour.* He is not yet remov'd.

*Zayd.* ————— He Lives, 'tis true;  
But soon must die, and, what I mourn, by you.

*Nour.* My *Zayda*, may thy Words Prophetick be, [Embracing her eagerly.]  
I take the Omen, let him die by me.  
He, stiff'd in my Arms, shall lose his Breath:  
And Life it self shall envious be of Death.

*Zayd.* Bless me, you Pow'rs above!

*Nour.* ————— Why dost thou start?  
Is Love so strange? Or have not I a Heart?  
Could *Aurenge-Zebe* so lovely seem to thee,  
And I want Eyes that Noble Worth to see?  
Thy little Soul was but to Wonder mov'd:  
My Sense of it was higher, and I lov'd.  
That Man, that God-like Man, so brave, so great:  
But these are thy small Praises I repeat.  
I'm carry'd by a Tide of Love away:  
He's somewhat more than I my self can say.

*Zayd.* Though all th' *Idea's* you can form be true,  
He must not, cannot be possess'd by you.  
If contradicting Int'rests could be mixt,  
Nature her self hath cast a Bar betwixt:  
And e'er you reach to this incestuous Love  
You must Divine and Human Rites remove.

*Nour.* Count this among the Wonders Love has done:  
I had forgot, he was my Husband's Son!

*Zayd.* Nay more, you have forgot who is your own:  
For whom your Care so long design'd the Throne.

*Morat* must fall, if *Aurenge-Zebe* should rise.

*Nour.* 'Tis true; but who was e'er in Love, and Wife.  
Why was that fatal knot of Marriage ty'd,  
Which did, by making us too near, divide?  
Divides me from my Sex! for Heav'n, I find,  
Excludes but me alone of Woman-kind.

I stand with Guilt confounded, lost with Shame,  
And yet made wretched only by a Name.  
If Names have such Command on Human Life,  
Love sure's a Name that's more Divine than Wife.  
That Sov'reign Power all Guilt of Action takes,  
At least the Stains are beautiful it makes.

*Zayd.* Th' incroaching ill you early should oppose:  
Flatter'd, 'tis worse, and by indulgence grows.

*Nour.* Alas! and what have I not said or done?  
I fought it to the last: and Love has won.  
A bloody Conquest; which destruction brought,  
And ruin'd all the Country where he fought.  
Whether this Passion from above was sent,  
The Fate of him Heav'n favours to prevent;  
Or as the Curse of Fortune in excess,  
That, stretching, would beyond its reach possess;  
And, with a Taste which Plenty does deprave,  
Loaths lawful good, and lawless ill does crave.

*Zayd.* But yet consider——

*Nour.* ———— No, 'tis loss of time:  
Think how to farther, and divert my Crime.  
My Artful Engines instantly I'll move:  
And chuse the soft and gentlest hour of Love.  
The under Provost of the Fort is mine,  
But see, *Morat!* I whisper my design.

*Enter Morat with Arimant, as talking: Attendants.*

*Arim.* And for that Cause was not in publick seen:  
But stays in Prison with the Captive Queen.

*Mor.* Let my Attendants wait; I'll be alone:  
Where least of State, there most of Love is shown.

*Nour.* My Son, your bus'ness is not hard to guess; [To Morat.  
Long Absence makes you eager to possess.  
I will not importune you by my stay;  
She merits all the Love which you can pay. [Exit with Zayd.

*Re-enter Arimant with Melesinda; then Exit: Morat runs to Melesinda,  
and Embraces her.*

*Mor.* Should I not chide you, that you chose to stay  
In gloomy shades, and lost a Glorious Day?  
Lost the First Fruits of Joy you should possess  
In my return, and made my Triumph less?

*Mel.* Should I not chide, that you could stay and see  
Those Joys, preferring publick Pomp to me?  
Through my dark Cell your shouts of Triumph rung:  
I heard with pleasure; but I thought 'em long.

*Mor.* The Publick will in Triumphs rudely share:  
And Kings the rudeness of their Joys must bear.

F

But



But I made haste to set my Captive free:  
 And thought that Work was only worthy me.  
 The Fame of Ancient Matrons you pursue;  
 And stand a blameless Pattern to the new.  
 I have not Words to praise such Acts as these:  
 But take my Heart, and mould it as you please.

*Mel.* A Trial of your Kindness I must make,  
 Though not for mine so much as Virtue's sake.  
 The Queen of *Cassimeer*——

*Mor.*———No more, my Love;  
 That only Suit I beg you not to move.  
 That she's in Bonds for *Aurenge-Zebe* I know,  
 And should, by my consent, continue so;  
 The good old Man, I fear, will Pity show.  
 My Father dotes, and let him still dote on;  
 He buys his Mistress dearly with his Throne.

*Mel.* See her; and then be cruel if you can.

*Mor.* 'Tis not with me as with a private Man.  
 Such may be sway'd by Honour, or by Love;  
 But Monarchs, only, by their Int'rest move.

*Mel.* Heav'n does a Tribute for your Pow'r demand,  
 He leaves the oppress'd and poor upon your hand.  
 And those who Stewards of his Pity prove,  
 He blesses, in return, with publick Love.  
 In his Distress some Miracle is shown:  
 If exil'd, Heav'n restores him to his Throne.  
 He needs no Guard while any Subject's near,  
 Nor, like his Tyrant Neighbours, lives in fear.  
 No Plots th' Alarm to his Retirements give:  
 'Tis all Mankind's Concern that he should live.

*Mor.* You promis'd Friendship in your low Estate;  
 And should forget it in your better Fate.  
 Such Maxims are more plausible than true;  
 But somewhat must be giv'n to Love and you.  
 I'll view this Captive Queen; to let her see,  
 Pray'rs and Complaints are lost on such as me.

*Mel.* I'll bear the News: Heav'n knows how much I'm pleas'd,  
 That, by my care, th' afflicted may be eas'd.

*As She is going off, Enter Indamora.*

*Ind.* I'll spare your Pains, and venture out alone,  
 Since you, fair Princess, my Protection own.  
 But you, brave Prince, a harder Task must find;  
 In saving me, you would but half be kind.  
 An humble Suppliant at your Feet I lie;  
 You have condemn'd my better Part to die.

*[To Morat kneeling, who  
 takes her up.]*

Without

Without my *Aurence-Zebe* I cannot live;  
Revoke his Doom, or else my Sentence give.

*Mel.* If *Melesinda* in your Love have part,  
Which, to suspect, would break my tender Heart;  
If Love, like mine, may for a Lover plead,  
By the chaste Pleasures of our Nuptial Bed,  
By all the Int'rest my past Sufferings make,  
And all I yet would suffer for your sake;  
By you your self, the last and dearest Tye——

*Mor.* You move in vain; for *Aurence-Zebe* must die.

*Ind.* Could that Decree from any Brother come?  
Nature her self is Sentenc'd in your Doom.  
Piety is no more, she sees her place  
Usurp'd by Monsters, and a savage Race.  
From her soft Eastern Climes you drive her forth,  
To the cold Mansions of the utmost North.  
How can our Prophet suffer you to reign  
When he looks down and sees your Brother slain?  
Avenging Furies will your Life pursue:  
Think there's a Heav'n, *Morat*, though not for you.

*Mel.* Her Words imprint a Terror on my Mind;  
What if this Death, which is for him design'd,  
Had been your Doom, (far be that Augury!)  
And you, not *Aurence-Zebe*, condemn'd to die?  
Weigh well the various Turns of Human Fate,  
And seek, by Mercy, to secure your State.

*Ind.* Had Heav'n the Crown for *Aurence-Zebe* design'd,  
Pity, for you, had pierc'd his generous Mind.  
Pity does with a Noble Nature suit:  
A Brother's Life had suffer'd no Dispute.  
All things have right in Life, our Prophet's care,  
Commands the Beings ev'n of Brutes to spare.  
Though Int'rest his Restraint has justify'd,  
Can Life, and to a Brother, be deny'd?

*Mor.* All Reasons, for his Safety urg'd, are weak:  
And yet methinks 'tis Heav'n to hear you speak.

*Mel.* 'Tis part of your own Being to invade——

*Mor.* Nay if she fail to move, would you persuade?  
My Brother does a Glorious Fate pursue,  
I envy him, that he must fall for you.  
He had been base had he releas'd his Right;  
For such an Empire none but Kings should Fight.  
If with a Father he disputes this Prize,  
My Wonder ceases when I see these Eyes.

*Mel.* And can you then deny those Eyes you praise?  
Can Beauty Wonder, and not Pity raise?

[Turning to  
Indamora.



*Mor.* Your Intercession now is needless grown:  
Retire, and let me speak with her alone.

[*Melesinda retires, weeping, to the side of the Theatre.*

Queen, that you may not fruitless Tears employ, [Taking *Indamora's hand.*  
I bring you news to fill your Heart with Joy:  
Your Lover, King of all the *East* shall Reign;  
For *Aurenge-Zebe* to Morrow shall be slain.

*Ind.* The hopes you rais'd y'have blasted with a Breath: [Starting back.  
With Triumphs you began, but end with Death.  
Did you not say, my Lover should be King?

*Mor.* I, in *Morat*, the best of Lovers bring.  
For one Forsaken both of Earth and Heav'n,  
Your kinder Stars a Nobler Choice have giv'n.  
My Father, while I please, a King appears;  
His Pow'r is more declining than his Years.  
An Emperor and Lover but in show:  
But you, in me, have Youth and Fortune too.  
As Heav'n did to your Eyes and Form Divine,  
Submit the Fate of all th' Imperial Line;  
So was it order'd by its wise Decree,  
That you should find 'em all compriz'd in me.

*Ind.* If, Sir, I seem not discompos'd with Rage,  
Feed not your Fancy with a false Prefage.  
Father to press your Courtship is but vain:  
A cold Refusal carries more Disdain.  
Unsettled Virtue stormy may appear:  
Honour, like mine, serenity is severe.  
To scorn your Person, and reject your Crown,  
Disorder not my Face into a Frown. [Turns from him.

*Mor.* Your Fortune you should reverently have us'd:  
Such Offers are not twice to be refus'd.  
I go to *Aurenge-Zebe*, and am in haste:  
For your Commands, they're like to be the last.

*Ind.* Tell him,  
With my own Death I would his Life redeem:  
But, less than Honour, both our Lives esteem.

*Mor.* Have you no more?

*Ind.* ————What shall I do or say?  
He must not in this Fury go away.  
Tell him, I did in vain his Brother move;  
And yet he falsely said we was in Love.  
Falsely; for had he truly lov'd, at least,  
He would have giv'n one day to my Request.  
A little yielding may my Love advance.

*Mor.* She darted from her Eyes a side-long Glance, [Aside  
Just as she spoke; and, like her words it flew:  
Seem'd not to beg, what yet she bid me do.

# The Great Mogul.

37

A Brother, Madam, cannot give a Day;  
A Servant, and who hopes to Merit, may.

[To her.

*Mel.* If, Sir——

[Coming to him.

*Mor.* No more——set Speeches, and a formal Tale,  
With none but States-Men and grave Fools prevail.  
Dry up your Tears, and practise every Grace,  
That fits the Pageant of your Royal Place.

[Exit.

*Mel.* Madam, the strange Reverse of Fate you see:  
I pity, d you, now you may pity me.

[To Indamora,  
[Exit after him.

*Ind.* Poor Princess! thy hard Fate I could bemoan,  
Had I not nearer Sorrows of my own.  
Beaut y is seldom fortunate, when great:  
A vast Estate, but over-charg'd with Debt.  
Like those whom Want to Baseness does betray:  
I'm forc'd to flatter him I cannot pay.  
O would he be content to seize the Throne:  
I beg the Life of *Aurengé-Zebe* alone.

Whom Heav'n would bless, from Pomp it will remove,  
And make their Wealth in Privacy and Love.

[Exit.

## A C T IV.

*Aurengé-Zebe Solus.*

**D**istrust, and Darkness of a future State,  
Make poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate.  
Death, in it self, is nothing; but we fear  
To be we know not what, we know not where.  
This is the Ceremony of my Fate:  
A parting Treat; and I'm to die in State.  
They lodge me, as I were the *Persian* King:  
And with Luxurious Pomp my Death they bring.

[Soft Musick,

*To him Nourmahal.*

*Nour.* I thought, before you drew your latest Breath,  
To smoothe your Passage, and to soften Death;  
For I would have you, when you upward move,  
Speak kindly of me, to our Friends above.  
Nor name me there th' occasion of your Fate;  
Or what my Interest does impute to Hate

*Aur.* I ask not for what end your Pomp's design'd;  
Whether t' insult, or to compose my Mind:  
I mark'd it not.

But,



But, knowing Death would soon th' Assault begin,  
 Stood firm collected in my Strength within.  
 To guard that Breach did all my Forces guide,  
 And left unmann'd the quiet Senses side.

*Nour.* Because *Morat* from me his Being took,  
 All I can say will much suspected look.

'Tis little to confess your Fate I grieve;  
 Yet more than you would easily believe.

*Aur.* Since my inevitable Death you know,  
 You safely unavailing Pity show:

'Tis Popular to mourn a dying Foe.

*Nour.* You made my Liberty your late Request:  
 Is no Return due from a grateful Breast?  
 I grow impatient, 'till I find some way,  
 Great Offices with greater to repay.

*Aur.* When I consider'd Life, 'tis all a cheat:  
 Yet, fool'd with hope, Men favour the deceit.  
 Trust on, and think to Morrow will repay:  
 To Morrow's falser than the former Day;  
 Lies worse; and, while it says we shall be blest  
 With some new Joys, cuts off what we possess.  
 Strange Coz'nage! none would live past Years again,  
 Yet all hope Pleasure in what still remain.  
 And, from the dregs of Life, think to receive,  
 What the first sprightly running could not give.  
 I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymick Gold,  
 Which Fools us Young, and Beggars us when Old.

*Nour.* 'Tis not for nothing that we Life pursue;  
 It pays our hopes with something still that's new.  
 Each day's a Mistress, unenjoy'd before;  
 Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more.  
 Did you but know what Joys your way attend,  
 You would not hurry to your Journey's end.

*Aur.* I need not haste the end of Life to meet;  
 The Precipice is just beneath my Feet.

*Nour.* Think not my sense of Virtue is so small:  
 I'll rather leap down first, and break your Fall.

My *Aurenge-Zebe*, (may I not call you so?)

[Taking him by the hand.

Behold me now no longer as your Foe.

I am not, cannot be your Enemy:

Look, is there any Malice in my Eye?

Pray, Sir——

[Both sit.

That Distance shews too much Respect or Fear:

You'll find no Danger in approaching near.

*Aur.* Forgive th' amazement of my doubtful state:

This Kindness from the Mother *Morat*!

Or

Or is't some Angel, pitying what I bore,  
Who takes that shape, to make my Wonder more?

*Nour.* Think me your better *Genius* in disguise;  
Or any thing that more may charm your Eyes.  
Your Guardian Angel never could excel

In Care, nor could he Love his Charge so well.

*Aur.* Whence can proceed so wonderful a Change?

*Nour.* Can Kindness to Desert, like yours, be strange;  
Kindness by secret Sympathy is ty'd;  
For Noble Souls in Nature are ally'd.

I saw with what a Brow you brav'd your Fate;  
Yet with what Boldness bore your Father's hate.

My Virtue, like a String wound up by Art  
To the same sound, when your's was toucht, took part,  
At distance shook, and trembled at my Heart.

*Aur.* I'll not complain my Father is unkind,  
Since so much Pity from a Foe I find.

Just Heav'n reward this Act.

*Nour.* 'Tis well the Debt no Payment does demand;  
You turn me over to another hand.

But happy, happy she,  
And with the Bless'd above to be compar'd,  
Whom you your self would, with your self, reward:  
The greatest, nay, the fairest of her Kind,  
Would envy her that Bliss which you design'd.

*Aur.* Great Princes thus, when Favourites they raise,  
To justify their Grace, their Creatures praise.

*Nour.* As Love the Noblest Passion we account,  
So to the highest Object it should mount.

It shews you brave when mean Desires you shun:  
An Eagle only can behold the Sun.

And so must you; if yet Presage Divine  
There be in Dreams, or was't a Vision mine?

*Aur.* Of me?

*Nour.* ——— And who could else employ my Thought?  
I dream'd, your Love was by Love's Goddess sought.

Officious *Cupids*, hov'ring o'er your Head,  
Held Myrtle Wreaths; beneath your Feet was spread

What Sweets soe'er *Sabeen* Springs disclose,  
Our *Indian* *Jasmine*, or the *Syrian* Rose.

The wanton Ministers around you strove  
For Service, and inspir'd their Mother's Love.

Close by your Side, and languishing she lies,  
With blushing Cheeks, short Breath and wishing Eyes;

Upon your Breast supinely lay her Head,  
While, on your Face, her famish'd Sight she fed.

Then



Then, with a Sigh, into these Words she broke,  
 (And gather'd humid Kisses as she spoke.)  
 Dull and ingrateful! must I offer Love?  
 Desir'd by Gods, and envy'd even by *Jove*:  
 And dost thou Ignorance or Fear pretend?  
 Mean Soul! and dar'st not gloriously offend?  
 Then pressing thus his hand——

*Aur.* I'll hear no more:

[*Rising up.*

'Twas impious to have understood before.  
 And I, 'till now, endeavour'd to mistake  
 Th' incestuous Meaning, which too plain you make.

*Nour.* And why this Niceness to that Pleasure shown,  
 Where Nature sums up all her Joys in one?  
 Gives all she can, and labouring still to give,  
 Makes it so great, we can but taste and live.  
 So fills the Senses, that the Soul seems fled,  
 And Thought it self does, for that time, lye dead.  
 'Till like a String scru'd up with eager haste,  
 It breaks, and is too exquisite to last!

*Aur.* Heav'ns! Can you this, without just Vengeance, hear?  
 When will you Thunder, if it now be clear?  
 Yet her alone let not your Thunder seize:  
 I, too, deserve to die, because I please.

*Nour.* Custom our Native Royalty does awe;  
 Promiscuous Love is Nature's general Law:  
 For whosoever the first Lovers were,  
 Brother and Sister made the second Pair,  
 And doubled, by their Love, their Piety.

*Aur.* Hence, hence, and to some barbarous Climate fly,  
 Which only Brutes in human Form does yield,  
 And Man grows wild in Nature's common Field.  
 Who eat their Parents, Piety pretend:  
 Yet there no Sons their sacred Bed ascend.  
 To veil great Sins, a greater Crime you chuse;  
 And, in your Incest, your Adultery lose.

*Nour.* In vain this haughty Fury you have shown:  
 How I adore a Soul so like my own!  
 You must be mine, that you may learn to live;  
 Know Joys, which only she who loves can give.  
 Nor think that Action you upbraid, so ill:  
 I am not chang'd; I love my Husband still.  
 But love him as he was, when Youthful Grace,  
 And the first Down began to shade his Face.  
 That Image does my Virgin-flames renew,  
 And all your Father shines more bright in you.

*Aur.* In me a horror of my self you raise;  
 Curs'd by your Love, and blasted by your Praise.

You

# The Great Mogul.

41

You find new ways to prosecute my Fate;  
And your least guilty Passion was your Hate.

*Nour.* I beg my Death, if you can Love deny.

*Aur.* I'll grant you nothing; no, not ev'n to die.

*Nour.* Know then, you are not half so kind as I.

[Offering him a Dagger.

[Stamps with her Foot.

*Enter Mutes, some with Swords drawn, one with a Cup.*

You've chosen, and may now repent too late,  
Behold th' effect of what you wish'd, my Hate.

This Cup, a Cure of both our Ills has brought: [Taking the Cup to present him.  
You need not fear a Philtre in the Draught.

*Aur.* All must be Poison which can come from thee; [Receiving it from her.  
But this the least t' immortal Liberty.

This first I pour——like dying *Socrates*:

[Spilling a little of it.

Grim though he be, Death pleases when he frees.

*As he is going to Drink, Enter Morat attended.*

*Mor.* Make not such haste, you must my leisure stay:  
Your Fate's deferr'd, you shall not die to day.

[Taking the Cup from him.

*Nour.* What foolish Pity has possess'd your Mind,  
To alter what your Prudence once design'd?

*Mor.* What if I please to lengthen out his Date  
A Day, and take a pride to cozen Fate?

*Nour.* 'Twill not be safe to let him live an Hour.

*Mor.* I'll do't, to shew my Arbitrary Pow'r.

*Nour.* Fortune may take him from your hands again,  
And you repent th' occasion lost in vain.

*Mor.* I smile at what your Female Fear foresees:  
I'm in Fate's place, and dictate her Decrees.

Let *Arimant* be call'd.

[Exit one of his Attendants.

*Aur.* Give me the Poison, and I'll end your strife:  
I hate to keep a poor precarious Life.

Would I my Safety on base terms receive,

Know, Sir, I could have liv'd without your leave.

But those I could accuse, I can forgive:

By my disdainful Silence let 'em live.

*Nour.* What am I, that you dare to bind my Hand?  
So low! I've not a Murder at Command!

[To Morat.

Can you not one poor Life to her afford,

Her, who gave up whole Nations to your Sword?

And from th' abundance of whose Soul and Heat,

Th' o'erflowing serv'd to make your Mind so great.

*Mor.* What did that Greatness in a Woman's Mind?

Ill lodg'd and weak to Act what it design'd.

Pleasure's your Portion, and your slothful Ease:

When Man's at leisure, study how to please.

G

Soften



Softens his angry hours with servile care,  
 And when he calls the ready Feast prepare.  
 From Wars and from Affairs of State abstain:  
 Women Emasculate a Monarch's Reign.  
 And murmuring Crouds, whose 'em shine with Gold,  
 That Pomp, as their own ravish'd Spoils behold.

*Nour.* Rage chokes my Words; 'tis Womanly to weep: } [*Aside.*  
 In my swoll'n Breast my close Revenge I'll keep,  
 I'll watch his tender 'st part, and there strike deep. } [*Exit.*

*Aur.* Your strange Proceeding does my Wonder move;  
 Yet seems not to express a Brother's Love.  
 Say to what Cause my rescu'd Life I owe.

*Mor.* If what you ask would please, you should not know.  
 But since that Knowledge more than Death will grieve,  
 Know, *Indamora* gain'd you this Reprieve.

*Aur.* And whence had she the Pow'r to work your Change?

*Mor.* The Pow'r of Beauty is not new or strange.  
 Should she command me more, I could obey;  
 But her Request was bounded with a Day.  
 Take that; and, if you'll spare my farther Crime,  
 Be kind, and grieve to death against your time.

*Enter Arimant.*

Remove this Pris'ner to some safer Place:  
 He has, for *Indamora's* sake, found Grace.  
 And, from my Mother's Rage must guarded be,  
 Till you receive a new Command from me.

*Arim.* Thus Love, and Fortune, persecute me still,  
 And make me Slave to every Rival's Will. } [*Aside.*

*Aur.* How I disdain a Life, which I must buy  
 With your Contempt, and her Inconstancy.  
 For a few hours, my whole Content I pay:  
 You shall not force on me another Day. } [*Exit with Arimant.*

*Enter Melesinda.*

*Mel.* I have been seeking you this hour's long space,  
 And fear'd to find you in another Place.  
 But, since you're here, my Jealousie grows less:  
 You will be kind to my Unworthiness.  
 What shall I say, I love to that degree,  
 Each glance another way is robb'd from me.  
 Absence and Prisons I could bear again;  
 But sink, and die, beneath your least Disdain.

*Mor.* Why do you give your Mind this needless care,  
 And, for your self, and me, new Pains prepare?  
 I ne'er approv'd this Passion in excess:  
 If you would shew your Love, distrust me less.  
 I hate to be pursu'd from place to place:  
 Meet, at each turn, a stale domestick Face.

Th' approach of Jealousie Love cannot bear,  
He's Wild, and soon on Wing, if watchful Eyes come near.

*Mel.* From your lov'd Presence, how can I depart?  
My Eyes pursue the object of my Heart.

*Mor.* You talk as if it were our Bridal Night:  
Fondness is still th' effect of new Delight.  
And Marriage but the Pleasures of a Day:  
The Metal's base, the Guilding worn away.

*Mel.* I fear I'm guilty of some great Offence,  
And that has bred this cold Indifference.

*Mor.* The greatest in the World to Flesh and Blood:  
You fondly love much longer than you shou'd.

*Mel.* If that be all which makes your Discontent,  
Of such a Crime I never can repent.

*Mor.* Would you force Love upon me, which I shun?  
And bring course Fare, when Appetite is gone?

*Mel.* Why did I not in Prison die; before  
My fatal Freedom made me suffer more?  
I had been pleas'd to think I dy'd for you,  
And doubly pleas'd, because you then were true.  
Then I had hope, but now, alas, have none.

*Mor.* You say you love me; let that Love be shown:  
'Tis in your pow'r to make my Happiness.

*Mel.* Speak quickly; to command me is to bless.

*Mor.* To *Indamora* you my Suit must move:  
You'll sure speak kindly of the Man you love.

*Mel.* Oh! rather let me perish by your hand,  
Than break my Heart, by this unkind Command.  
Think 'tis the only one I could deny;  
And that 'tis harder to refuse than die.

Try, if you please, my Rival's Heart to win:  
I'll bear the Pain, but not promote the Sin.  
You own what'er Perfections Man can boast,  
And if she view you with my Eyes she's lost.

*Mor.* Here I renounce all Love, all Nuptial Ties:  
Hence-forward live a Stranger to my Eyes:  
When I appear, see you avoid the Place,  
And haunt me not with that unlucky Face.

*Mel.* Hard as it is, I this Command obey:  
And haste, while I have Life, to go away.  
In pity stay some hours, till I am dead:  
That blameless you may court my Rival's Bed.  
My hated Face I'll not presume to show;  
Yet I may watch your Steps where-e'er you go.  
Unseen, I'll gaze; and, with my latest Breath,  
Bless, while I die, the Author of my Death.

[Weeping.]



*Enter Emperor.*

*Emp.* When your Triumphant Fortune high appears,  
What Cause can draw these unbecoming Tears?  
Let Cheerfulness on happy Fortune wait,  
And give not thus the Counter-time to Fate.

*Mel.* Fortune long frown'd, and has but lately smil'd:  
I doubt a Foe so newly reconcil'd.

You saw but Sorrow in its waning Form,  
A working Sea, remaining from a Storm.  
When the now weary Waves roul o'er the Deep,  
And faintly murmur e'er they fall asleep.

*Emp.* Your inward Grievs you smother in your Mind;  
But Fate's loud Voice proclaims your Lord unkind.

*Mor.* Let Fame be busie where she has to do:  
Tell of fought Fields, and every pompous Show.  
Those Tales are fit to fill the People's Ears:  
Monarchs unquestion'd, move in higher Sphears.

*Mel.* Believe not Rumor, but your self: and see  
The Kindness 'twixt my plighted Lord and me.

This is our State; thus happily we live;  
These are the Quarrels which we take and give.

*Aside to Mor.]* I had no other way to force a Kiss,  
Forgive my last farewell to you, and Bliss.

[*Kissing Mor.*

*Emp.* Your haughty Carriage shews too much of Scorn,  
And Love, like hers, deserves not that Return.

*Mor.* You'll please to leave me Judge of what I do,  
And not examine by the outward show.

Your usage of my Mother might be good:  
I judge it not.

[*Exit.*

*Emp.* ——— Nor was it fit you shou'd.

*Mor.* Then, in as equal Ballance weigh my Deeds.

*Emp.* My Right, and my Authority, exceeds.  
Suppose (what I'll not grant) Injustice done;  
Is judging me the Duty of a Son?

*Mar.* Not of a Son, but of an Emperor:  
You cancell'd Duty when you gave me Pow'r.  
If your own Actions on your Will you ground,  
Mine shall hereafter know no other bound.  
What meant you when you call'd me to a Throne?  
Was it to please me with a Name alone?

*Emp.* 'Twas that I thought your Gratitude would know  
What to my partial Kindness you did owe:  
That what your Birth did to your Claim deny,  
Your merit of Obedience might supply.

*Mor.* To your own Thoughts such hopes you might suppose;  
But I took Empire not on terms like those.

Of Business you complain'd, now take your Ease:  
Enjoy what e'er decrepid Age can please:  
Eat, Sleep, and tell long Tales of what you were  
In flow'r of Youth, if any one will hear.

*Emp.* Pow'r, like new Wine, does your weak Brain surprize,  
And its mad Fumes, in hot Discourses rise;  
But Time these giddy Vapours will remove:  
Mean while I'll taste the sober joys of Love.

*Mor.* You cannot Love, nor Pleasures take, or give;  
But Life begin, when 'tis too late to live.  
On a tir'd Courser you pursue Delight,  
Let slip your Morning, and set out at Night.  
If you have liv'd, take thankfully the past:  
Make, as you can, the sweet Remembrance last.  
If you have not enjoy'd what Youth could give,  
But Life sunk through you like a leaky Sieve,  
Accuse your self you liv'd not while you might;  
But, in the Captive Queen resign your Right.  
I've now resolv'd to fill your useless Place;  
I'll take that Post to cover your Disgrace,  
And Love her for the Honour of my Race.

*Emp.* Thou dost but try how far I can forbear,  
Nor art that Monster which thou would'st appear.  
But do not wantonly my Passion move;  
I pardon nothing that relates to Love.  
My Fury does, like jealous Forts, pursue  
With Death, ev'n Strangers who but come to view.

*Mor.* I did not only view, but will invade:  
Could you shed Venom from your Reverend Shade,  
Like Trees, beneath whose Arms 'tis Death to sleep:  
Did rolling Thunder your fenc'd Fortrefs keep;  
Thence would I snatch my *Semele*, like *Jove*,  
And 'midst the dreadful Wrack enjoy my Love.

*Emp.* Have I for this, ungrateful as thou art,  
When Right, when Nature, struggl'd in my Heart;  
When Heav'n call'd on me for thy Brother's Claim,  
Broke all, and full'd my unspotted Fame?  
Wert thou to Empire by my Baseness brought,  
And would'st thou ravish what so dear I bought?  
Dear! for my Conscience and its Peace I gave:  
Why was my Reason made my Passion's Slave?  
I see Heav'n's Justice; thus the Pow'r's Divine  
Pay Crimes with Crimes, and punish mine by thine.

*Mor.* Crimes let them pay, and punish as they please:  
What Pow'r makes mine, by Pow'r I mean to seize.  
Since 'tis to that they their own Greatness owe  
Above, why should they question mine below?

[Exit.  
*Emp.*



*Emp.* Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art sought,  
 And with Age purchas'd art too dearly bought.  
 We're past the use of Wit, for which we toil;  
 Late Fruit, and planted in too cold a Soil.  
 My stock of Fame is lavish'd and decay'd;  
 No profit of the vast profusion made.  
 Too late my Folly I repent; I know  
 My *Aurenge-Zebe* would ne'er have us'd me so.  
 But by his Ruin I prepar'd my own;  
 And, like a naked Tree, my Shelter gone,  
 To Winds and Winter-storms must stand expos'd alone. *Exit.*

*Aurenge-Zebe, Arimant.*

*Arim.* Give me not Thanks, which I will ne'er deserve;  
 But know, 'tis for a Nobler Price I serve.  
 By *Indamora's* Will you're hither brought:  
 All my Reward, in her Command I fought.  
 The rest your Letters tell you——See, like Light,  
 She comes, and I must vanish, like the Night. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Indamora.*

*Ind.* 'Tis now that I begin to live again:  
 Heav'ns, I forgive you all my Fear and Pain.  
 Since I behold my *Aurenge-Zebe* appear,  
 I could not buy him at a Price too dear.  
 His Name alone afforded me Relief.  
 Repeated as a Charm to cure my Grief.  
 I that lov'd Name did, as some God, invoke,  
 And printed Kisses on it while I spoke.

*Aur.* Short Ease; but long, long Pains from you I find:  
 Health to my Eyes; but Poison to my Mind.  
 Why are you made so excellently fair?  
 So much above what other Beauties are,  
 That, ev'n in cursing, you new form my Breath,  
 And make me bless those Eyes, which give me Death?

*Ind.* What reason for your Curses can you find?  
 My Eyes your Conquest, not your Death design'd,  
 If they offend, 'tis that they are too kind. }

*Aur.* The Ruins they have wrought, you will not see:  
 Too kind they are, indeed, but not to me.

*Ind.* Think you base Interest, Souls, like mine, can sway?  
 Or that for Greatness, I can Love betray?  
 No, *Aurenge-Zebe*, you merit all my Heart,  
 And I'm too Noble but to give a Part.  
 Your Father, and an Empire! am I known  
 No more? or have so weak a Judgment shown,  
 In chusing you, to change you for a Throne? }

*Aur.*

*Aur.* How, with a Truth, you would a Falshood blind!  
'Tis not my Father's Love you have design'd;  
Your Choice is fix'd where Youth and Pow'r are join'd.

*Ind.* Where Youth and Pow'r are join'd! has he a name?

*Aur.* You would be told; you glory in your Shame;  
There's Musick in the Sound; and, to provoke  
Your Pleasure more, by me it must be spoke.  
Then, then it ravishes, when your pleas'd Ear  
The Sound does from a wretched Rival hear.

*Morat's* the Name your Heart leaps up to meet,  
While *Aurence-Zebe* lies dying at your Feet.

*Ind.* Who told you this?

*Aur.* ——— Are you so lost to Shame?

*Morat, Morat, Morat:* You love the Name  
So well, your ev'ry Question ends in that;  
You force me still to answer you, *Morat.*

*Morat*, who best could tell what you reveal'd;

*Morat*, too proud to keep his Joys conceal'd.

*Ind.* Howe'er unjust your Jealousie appear,  
It shews the Loss, of what you Love, you fear.

And does my Pity, not my Anger move:

I'll fond it, as the froward Child of Love.

To shew the truth of my unalter'd Breast,

Know, that your Life was given at my Request:

At least Repriev'd. When Heav'n deny'd you Aid,

She brought it, She, whose Falshood you upbraid.

*Aur.* And 'tis by that you would your Falshood hide,

Had you not ask'd, how happy had I dy'd!

Accurst Reprieve! Not to prolong my Breath,

It brought a lingring, and more painful Death.

I have not liv'd since first I heard the News;

The Gift the guilty Giver does accuse.

You knew the Price, and the Request did move,

That you might pay the Ransom with your Love.

*Ind.* Your Accusations must, I see, take place;

And I am guilty, infamous and base!

*Aur.* If you are false, those Epithets are small;

You're then the things, the Abstract of 'em all.

And you are false: You promis'd him your Love:

No other Price a Heart so hard could move.

Do not I know him? Could his Brutal Mind

Be wrought upon? Could he be Just, or Kind.

Insultingly, he made your Love his boast;

Gave me my Life, and told me what it cost.

Speak; Answer. I would fain yet think you true;

Lie; and I'll not believe my self, but you.

Tell



Tell me you Love; I'll pardon the deceit:  
And, to be fool'd, my self assist the Cheat.

*Ind.* No; 'tis too late: I have no more to say,  
If you'll believe I have been false, you may.

*Aur.* I would not; but your Crimes too plain appear:  
Nay, even that I should think you true, you fear.  
Did I not tell you, I would be deceiv'd?

*Ind.* I'm not concern'd to have my Truth believ'd.  
You would be Cozen'd! would assist the Cheat!  
But I'm too plain to join in the Deceit:

I'm pleas'd you think me false——  
And, whatso'er my Letter did pretend,  
I made this Meeting for no other end.

*Aur.* Kill me not quit, with this Indifference:  
When you are guiltless, boast not an Offence.

I know you better than your self you know:  
Your Heart was true, but did some Frailty show:  
You promis'd him your Love, that I might live;  
But promis'd what you never meant to give.  
Speak, was't not so? confess; I can forgive?

*Ind.* Forgive! What dull Excuses you prepare!  
As if your Thoughts of me were worth my Care.

*Aur.* A Traitors! Ah Ingrate! Ah Faithless Mind!  
Ah Sex, invented first to damn Mankind!

Nature took care to dress you up for Sin:  
Adorn'd without; unfinish'd left within.  
Hence, by no Judgment you your Loves direct;  
Talk much, ne'er think, and still the wrong effect.  
So much Self-Love in your Composures mix'd,  
That Love to others still remain unfix'd.

Greatness, and Noise, and Show are your Delight;  
Yet Wise Men love you in their own despight.  
And, finding in their Native Wit no ease,  
Are forc'd to put your Folly on to please.

*Ind.* Now you shall know what cause you have to rage:  
But to increase your Fury, not assuage.

I found the way your Brother's Heart to move,  
Yet promis'd not the least return of Love.

His Pride and Brutal Fierceness I abhor;  
But scorn your mean Suspicions of me more.

I ow'd my Honour and my Fame this care:  
Know what your Folly lost you, and despair.

*Aur.* Too cruelly your Innocence you tell.  
Show Heav'n, and damn me to the Pit of Hell.

Now I believe you; 'tis not yet too late:  
You may forgive, and put a stop to Fate.

[Turning from him.]

Save me, just sinking, and no more to rise.  
How can you look with such relentless Eyes?  
Or let your Mind by Penitence be mov'd,  
Or I'm resolv'd to think you never lov'd.  
You are not clear'd, unless you Mercy speak:  
I'll think you took th' occasion thus to break.

[She frowns.

*Ind.* Small jealousies, 'tis true, inflame Desire;  
Too great, not fan, but quite blow out the Fire.  
Yet I did love you, 'till such Pains I bore,  
That I dare trust my self, and you no more.  
Let me not love you; but here end my Pain:  
Distrust may make me wretched once again.  
Now, with full Sails, into the Port I move,  
And safely can unlade my Breast of Love:  
Quiet, and calm: Why should I then go back,  
To tempt the second hazard of a Wrack?

*Aur.* Behold these dying Eyes, see their submissive-Awe:  
These Tears, which fear of Death could never draw:  
Heard you that Sigh? from my heav'd Heart it past,  
And said, if you forgive not, 'tis my last,  
Love mounts, and rolls, about my stormy Mind,  
Like Fire, that's born by a tempestuous Wind.  
Oh, I could stifle you, with eager haste!  
Devour your Kisses with my hungry taste!  
Rush on you! Eat you! wander o'er each Part,  
Raving with Pleasure, snatch you to my Heart!  
Then hold you off, and gaze! then, with new Rage,  
Invade you, 'till my Conscious Limbs presage  
Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'reflow!  
So lost, so blest, as I, but then could know!

*Ind.* Be no more jealous.

[Giving him her Hand.

*Aur.* ——— Give me Cause no more:  
The Danger's greater after, than before.  
If I relapse; to cure my Jealousie,  
Let me (for that's the easiest Parting) die.

*Ind.* My Life!

*Aur.* ——— My Soul!

*Ind.* ——— My All that Heav'n can give!  
Death's Life with you; without you, Death to live.

*To them Arimant hastily.*

*Arim.* Oh, we are lost, beyond all human Aid!  
The Cittadel is to *Morat* betray'd.  
The Traitor and the Treason, know too late;  
The false *Abas* deliver'd up the Gate:  
Ev'n while I speak, we're Compass'd round with Fate.  
The Valiant cannot fight, or Coward flee;  
But both in undistinguish'd Crouds must die.

H

*Aur.*



*Aur.* Then my Prophetick Fears are come to pass:  
*Morat* was always bloody; now he's base:  
 And has so far in Usurpation gone,  
 He will by Parricide secure the Throne.

*To them the Emperor.*

*Emp.* Am I forsaken, and betray'd, by all?  
 Not one brave Man dare, with a Monarch, fall?  
 Then, welcome Death, to cover my Disgrace;  
 I would not live to Reign o'er such a Race.  
 My *Aurenge-Zebe*!

[*Seeing Aurenge-Zebe.*

But thou no more art mine; my Cruelty  
 Has quite destroy'd the Right I had in thee.  
 I have been base,  
 Base, ev'n to him from whom I did receive  
 All that a Son could to a Parent give.  
 Behold me punish'd in the self-same kind,  
 Th' ungrateful does a more ungrateful find.

*Aur.* Accuse your self no more; you could not be  
 Ungrateful; could permit no Crime to me.  
 I only mourn my yet uncancell'd Score:  
 You put me past the Pow'r of paying more.  
 That, that's my Grief, that I can only grieve,  
 And bring but Pity, where I would relieve.  
 For had I yet Ten Thousand Lives to pay,  
 The mighty Sum should go no other way.

*Emp.* Can you forgive me, 'tis not fit you shou'd,  
 Why will you be so excellently good?  
 'Twill stick too black a Brand upon my Name:  
 The Sword is needless; I shall die with Shame.  
 What had my Age to do with Love's delight,  
 Shut out from all Enjoyments but the Sight?

*Arim.* Sir, you forget the Danger's imminent:  
 This Minute is not for Excuses lent.

*Emp.* Disturb me not——  
 How can my latest Hours be better spent?  
 To reconcile my self to him is more,  
 Than to regain all I possess'd before.  
 Empire and Life are now not worth a Pray'r:  
 His Love, alone, deserves my dying Care.

*Aur.* Fighting for you, my Death will glorious be.

*Ind.* Seek to preserve your self, and live for me.

*Arim.* Lose then no farther time.

Heav'n has inspir'd me with a sudden Thought,  
 Whence your unhop'd for Safety may be wrought,  
 Though with the hazard of my Blood 'tis bought.

But,

# The Great Mogul.

51

But, since my Life can ne'er be fortunate,  
'Tis so much Sorrow well redeem'd from Fate.  
You, Madam, must retire;  
Your Beauty is its own Security.  
And leave the Conduct of the rest to me.  
Glory will Crown my Life, if I succeed;  
If not, she may afford to love me dead.

[*Aside.*]

*Aur.* My Father's kind, and, Madam, you forgive:  
Were Heav'n so pleas'd, I now could wish to live.  
And, I shall live.

With Glory, and with Love, at once I burn:  
I feel th' inspiring Heat, and absent God return.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

*Indamora alone.*

**T**HE Night seems doubled with the Fear she brings,  
And o'er the Cittadel new spreads her Wings.  
The Morning, as mistaken, turns about,  
And all her early Fires again go out.  
Shouts, Cries, and Groans, first pierce my Ears; and then  
A flash of Lightning draws the guilty Scene,  
And shews me Arms, and Wounds, and Dying Men.  
Ah, should my *Aurenge-Zebe* be fighting there,  
And envious Winds distinguish'd to my Ear,  
His dying Groans, and his last Accents bear.

*To her Morat attended.*

*Mor.* The bloody Bus'ness of the Night is done,  
And, in the Cittadel, an Empire won.  
Our Swords so wholly did the Fates employ,  
That they, at length, grew weary to destroy:  
Refus'd the work we brought; and, out of Breath,  
Made Sorrow and Despair attend for Death.  
But what of all my Conquest can I boast?  
My haughty Pride, before your Eyes, is lost;  
And Victory but gains me to present  
That Homage which our Eastern World has sent.

*Ind.* Your Victory, alas, begets my Fears:  
Can you not then Triumph without my Tears?  
Resolve me; (for you know my Destiny  
In *Aurenge-Zebe's* say, do I live, or die?

*Mor.* Urg'd by my Love, by hope of Empire fir'd:  
'Tis true, I have perform'd what both requir'd.

H 2

Wha



What Fate decreed, for when great Souls are giv'n,  
 They bear the Marks of Sov'reignty from Heav'n.  
 My Elder Brothers my Fore-runners came;  
 Rough draughts of Nature, ill design'd and lame.  
 Blown off, like Blossoms never made to bear;  
 'Till I came, finish'd; her last labour'd Care.

*Ind.* This Prologue leads to your succeeding Sin:  
 Blood ended what Ambition did begin.

*Mor.* 'Twas rumour'd, but by whom I cannot tell,  
 My Father 'scap'd from out the Cittadel.  
 My Brother too may live!

*Ind.* ——— He may!

*Mor.* ——— He must:

I kill'd him not, and a less Fate's unjust.  
 Heav'n owes it me, that I may fill his Room:  
 A Phoenix-Lover, rising from his Tomb.  
 In whom you'll lose your Sorrows for the Dead;  
 More warm, more fierce, and fitter for your Bed.

*Ind.* Should I from *Aurenge-Zebe* my Heart divide,  
 To Love a Monster, and a Parricide?  
 These Names your swelling Titles cannot hide.  
 Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe:  
 But to our Thoughts, what Edict can give Law?  
 Ev'n you your self, to your own Breast, shall tell  
 Your Crimes: and your own Conscience be your Hell.

*Mor.* What business has my Conscience with a Crown?  
 She sinks in Pleasures, and in Bowls will drown.  
 If Mirth should fail, I'll busie her with Cares:  
 Silence her Clamorous Voice with louder Wars:  
 Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the Throne,  
 As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.

*Ind.* Repell'd by these, more eager she will grow;  
 Spring back more strongly than a *Scythian* Bow:  
 Amidst your Train, this unseen Judge will wait;  
 Examine how you came by all your State.  
 Upbraid your impious Pomp; and, in your Ear,  
 Will hallow, *Rebel, Tyrant, Murtherer*.  
 Your ill got Pow'r, wan Looks and Care shall bring:  
 Known but by Discontent to be a King.  
 Of Crouds afraid, yet anxious when alone;  
 You'll sit and brood your Sorrows on a Throne.

*Mor.* Birth-right's a vulgar Road to Kingly Sway;  
 'Tis every dull-got Elder Brother's way.  
 Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne;  
 Grows of a piece with that he sits upon,  
 Heav'n's Choice, a low, inglorious, rightful Drone.

But

But who by Force a Scepter does obtain,  
Shows he can govern that which he could gain.  
Right comes of course, whate'er he was before;  
Murder and Usurpation are no more.

*Ind.* By your own Laws you such Dominion make;  
As ev'ry stronger Pow'r has right to take.  
And Parricide will so deform your Name,  
That dispossessing you will give a Claim.  
Who next Usurps, will a just Prince appear;  
So much your Ruin will his Reign endear.

*Mor.* I without Guilt would mount the Royal Seat;  
But yet 'tis necessary to be Great.

*Ind.* All Greatness is in Virtue understood:  
'Tis only necessary to be good.  
Tell me, what is't at which great Spirits aim,  
What most your self desire?

*Mor.* ———Renown, and Fame,  
And Pow'r, as uncontrol'd as in my Will.

*Ind.* How you confound desires of Good and Ill!  
For true Renown is still with Virtue join'd.  
But lust of Pow'r lets loose th' unbridl'd Mind.  
Yours is a Soul irregularly Great,  
Which, wanting Temper, yet abounds with Heat:  
So strong, yet so unequal Pulses beat.  
As Sun which does through Vapours dimly shine:  
What pity 'tis you are not all Divine!  
New moulded, thorough Lighten'd, and a Breast  
So pure, to bear the last severest Test.  
Fit to Command an Empire you should gain  
By Virtue, and without a Blush to Reign.

*Mor.* You show me somewhat I ne'er learnt before;  
But 'tis the distant Prospect of a Shore,  
Doubtful in Mists; which, like enchanted Ground,  
Flies from my Sight, before 'tis fully found:—

*Ind.* Dare to be Great, without a guilty Crown;  
View it, and lay the bright Temptation down.  
'Tis base to seize on all, because you may;  
That's Empire, that which I can give away.  
Ther'es Joy when to wild Will you Laws prescribe,  
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bride.  
A Joy, which none but greatest Minds can taste;  
A Fame, which will to endless Ages last.

*Mor.* Renown, and Fame, in vain, I courted long;  
And still pursu'd 'em, though directed wrong.  
In hazard, and in toils, I heard they lay;  
Sail'd farther than the Coast, but miss'd my way:

Now



Now you have given me Virtue for my Guide;  
And, with true Honour, balasted my Pride.  
Unjust Dominion I no more pursue;  
I quit all other Claims but those to you.

*Ind.* Oh be not just to halves! pay all you owe:  
Think there's a Debt to *Melesinda* too.  
To leave no Blemish on your after-Life;  
Reward the Virtue of a suffering Wife.

*Mor.* To Love once past, I cannot backward move;  
Call yesterday again, and I may Love.  
'Twas not for nothing I the Crown resign'd;  
I still must own a Mercenary Mind:  
I, in this Venture, double Gains pursue,  
And laid out all my Stock to purchase you.

*To them Afaph Chan.*

Now, what Success? Does *Aurenge-Zebe* yet live?

*Afaph.* Fortune has giv'n you all that she can give:  
Your Brother——

*Mor.* —— Hold; thou shew'st an impious Joy,  
And think'st I still take pleasure to destroy:  
Know, I am chang'd, and would not have him slain.

*Afaph.* 'Tis past; and you desire his Life in vain.  
He, prodigal of Soul, rush'd on the stroke  
Of lifted Weapons, and did Wounds provoke.  
In scorn of Night, he would not be conceal'd;  
His Soldiers where he fought his Name reveal'd.  
In thickest Crouds still *Aurenge-Zebe* did sound:  
The vaulted Roofs did *Aurenge-Zebe* rebound,  
'Till late, and in his Fall, the Name was drown'd.

*Ind.* Wither that Hand which brought him to his Fate,  
And blasted be the Tongue which did relate.

*Afaph.* His Body——

*Mor.* —— Cease to inhanse her Misery:  
Pity the Queen, and show Respect to me.  
'Tis every Painter's Art to hide from Sight,  
And cast in shades, what seen would not delight.  
Your Grief in me such Sympathy has bred,  
I mourn; and wish I could recal the dead.  
Love softens me; and blows up Fires which pass  
Through my tough Heart, and melt the stubborn Mass.

*Ind.* Break Heart; or Choak, with Sobs, my hated Breath;  
Do thy own work; admit no foreign Death.  
Alas! Why do I make this useless Moan?  
I'm dead already, for my Soul is gone.

[To her.]

*To them Mir Baba.*

*Mir.* What Tongue the Terror of this Night can tell,  
Within, without, and round the Cittadel!  
A new form'd Faction does your Pow'r oppose;  
The Fight's confus'd, and all who meet are Foes.  
A Second Clamour from the Town we hear;  
And the far Noise so loud, it drowns the near.  
*Abas*, who seem'd our Friend, is either fled;  
Or, what we fear, our Enemies does head.  
Your frighted Soldiers scarce their Ground maintain.

*Mor.* I thank their Fury; we shall fight again:  
They rouse my Rage; I'm eager to subdue:  
'Tis fatal to with-hold my Eyes from you.

[Exit with the two Omrahs.]

*Enter Melefinda.*

*Mel.* Can Misery no place of Safety know?  
The Noise pursues me wheresoe'er I go,  
As Fate sought only me, and where I fled,  
Aim'd all its Darts at my Devoted Head.  
And let it; I am now past Care of Life;  
The last of Women; an abandon'd Wife.

*Ind.* Whether Design or Chance has brought you here,  
I stand Oblig'd to Fortune or to Fear.  
Weak Women should, in Danger, heard like Deer.  
But say, from whence this new Combustion springs?  
Are there yet more *Morat*'s? more fighting Kings?

*Mel.* Him from his Mother's Love your Eyes divide,  
And now her Arms the cruel Strife decide.

*Ind.* What strange Misfortunes my vex'd Life attend?  
Death will be kind, and all my Sorrows end.  
If *Nourmahal* prevail, I know my Fate.

*Mel.* I pity, as my own, your hard Estate;  
But what can my weak Charity afford?  
I have no longer Int'rest in my Lord:  
Nor in his Mother, He: she owns her Hate  
Aloud, and would her self Usurp the State.

*Ind.* I'm stupify'd with Sorrow, past Relief  
Of Tears, parch'd up, and wither'd with my Grief.

*Mel.* Dry Mourning will Decays more deadly bring,  
As a North Wind burns a too forward Spring.  
Give Sorrow vent, and let the Sluces go.

*Ind.* My Tears are all Congeal'd, and will not flow.

*Mel.* Have Comfort; yield not to the blows of Fate.

*Ind.* Comfort, like Cordials after Death, comes late.  
Name not so vain a word; my Hopes are fled:  
Think your *Morat* were kind, and think him dead.

*Mel.* I can no more——



Can no more Arguments for Comfort find:  
Your boding Words have quite o'erwhelm'd my Mind.

[Clattering of Weapons within.]

*Ind.* The Noise increases, as the Billows roar,  
When rolling from afar, they threat the Shoar.  
She comes; and feeble Nature now I find  
Shrinks back in Danger, and forsakes my Mind.  
I wish to Die, yet dare not Death endure;  
Detest the Med'cine, yet desire the Cure.  
I would have Death; but mild, and at Command:  
I dare not trust him in another's Hand.  
In *Nourmahal's*, he would not mine appear!  
But arm'd with Terror, and disguis'd with Fear.

*Mel.* Beyond this Place you can have no Retreat:  
Stay here, and I the Danger will repeat.  
I fear not Death, because my Life I hate:  
And envious Death will shun th' unfortunate.

*Ind.* You must not venture

*Mel.* Let me: I may do  
My self a Kindness, in obliging you.  
In your lov'd Name I'll seek my angry Lord;  
And beg your Safety from his conqu'ring Sword:  
So his Protection all your Fears will ease,  
And I shall see him once, and not displease.

[Exit.]

*Ind.* O wretched Queen! what Pow'r thy Life can save?  
A Stranger, and Unfriended, and a Slave!

*Enter Nourmahal, Zayda, and Abas, with Soldiers.*

Alas, she's here!

[Indamora withdraws to the inner part of the Scene.]

*Nour.* Heartless they fought, and quitted soon their Ground.  
While ours with easie Victory were Crown'd.  
To you, *Abas*, my Life and Empire too,  
And, what's yet dearer, my Revenge I owe.

*Abas.* The vain *Morat*, by his own Rashness wrought,  
Too soon discover'd his Ambitious Thought,  
Believ'd me his, because I spoke him fair;  
And pitch'd his Head into the ready Snare.  
Hence 'twas I did his Troops at first admit;  
But such whose Numbers could no Fears beget.  
By them the Emperor's Party first I slew,  
Then turn'd my Arms the Victors to subdue.

*Nour.* Now let the Head-strong Boy my Will control:  
Virtue's no Slave of Man; no Sex confines the Soul:  
I, for my self, th' Imperial Seat will gain,  
And he shall wait my Leisure for his Reign.  
But *Aurenge-Zebe* is no where to be found.

And

And now perhaps in Death's cold Arms he lies:  
I fought and conquer'd, yet have lost the Prize.

*Zayd.* The Chance of War determin'd well the Strife  
That rack'd you, 'twixt the Lover and the Wife.  
He's dead, whose Love has fully'd all your Reign,  
And made you Empress of the World in vain.

*Nour.* No; I my Pow'r and Pleasure would divide:  
The Drudge had quench'd my Flames, and then had dy'd.  
I rage, to think without that Bliss I live;  
That I could wish what Fortune would not give.  
But, what Love cannot, Vengeance must supply;  
She, who bereav'd me of his Heart, shall die.

*Zayd.* I'll search, far distant hence she cannot be.

[Going in.

*Nour.* This wondrous Master-Piece I fain would see;  
This fatal *Helen* who can Wars inspire,  
Make Kings her Slaves, and set the World on Fire.  
My Husband lock'd his Jewel from my View:  
Or durst not set the false one by the true.

*Re-enter Zayda leading Indamora.*

*Zayd.* Your frightened Captive, e'er she dies, receive;  
Her Soul's just going else, without your leave.

*Nour.* A fairer Creature did my Eyes ne'er see!  
Sure she was form'd by Heav'n in spight to me!  
Some Angel Copy'd, while I slept, each Grace,  
And moulded ev'ry Feature from my Face.  
Such Majesty does from her Forehead rise,  
Her Cheeks such Blushes cast, such Rays her Eyes,  
Nor I, nor Envy, can a Blemish find.

The Palace is, without, too well design'd:  
Conduct me in, for I will view thy Mind.  
Speak, if thou hast a Soul, and that I may see.

*Ind.* My Tears and Miseries must plead my Cause;  
My Words, the Terror of your Presence awes:  
Mortals, in sight of Angels, mute become;  
The Nobler Nature strikes th' Inferior dumb.

*Nour.* The Palm is, by the Foe's Confession, mine;  
But I disdain, what basely you resign.  
Heav'n did, by me, the outward Model build:  
Its inward Work, the Soul, with Rubbish fill'd.  
Yet, Oh; th' imperfect Piece moves more Delight;  
'Tis guilded o'er with Youth, to catch the Sight.  
The Gods have poorly robb'd my Virgin Bloom,  
And what I am by what I was o'ercome.  
Traitors, restore my Beauty and my Charms;  
Nor steal my Conquests with my proper Arms.

I

*Ind*



*Ind.* What have I done, thus to inflame your Hate?  
I am not guilty but unfortunate.

*Nour.* Not guilty, when thy Looks my Pow'r betray,  
Seduce Mankind, my Subjects, from my Sway,  
Take all my Hearts and all my Eyes away?  
My Husband first, but that I could forgive:  
He only mov'd, and talk'd, but did not live.  
My *Aurenge-Zebe*, for I dare own the Name,  
The glorious Sin, and the more glorious Flame.  
Him, from my Beauty, have thy Eyes miss-led,  
And starv'd the Joys of my expected Bed.

*Ind.* His Love, so fought, he's happy that he's dead.  
O had I Courage but to meet my Fate;  
That short dark Passage to a future State.  
The melancholy Riddle of a Breath.

*Nour.* That something, or that nothing, after Death:  
Take this, and teach thy self.

*Ind.* Alas!

*Nour.* ——— Why dost thou shake?  
Dishonour not the Vengeance I design'd:  
A Queen, and own a base Plebeian Mind!  
Let it drink deep in thy most Vital Part:  
Strike home, and do me Reason in thy Heart.

*Ind.* I dare not.

*Nour.* ——— Do't, while I stand by and see  
At my full gust, without the Drudgery.  
I love a Foe, who dares my Stroke prevent;  
Who gives me the full Scene of my Content.  
Shows me the flying-Soul's Convulsive Strife,  
And all the Anguish of Departing Life.  
Disdain my Mercy, and my Rage defie;  
Curse me with thy last Breath; and make me see  
A Spirit worthy to have Rival'd me.

*Ind.* Oh, I desire to die, but dare not yet;  
Give me some Respite, I'll discharge the Debt  
Without my *Aurenge-Zebe* I cannot live.

*Nour.* Thine, Traitors! thine! that Word has wing'd thy Fate,  
And put me past the tedious forms of Hate.  
I'll kill thee with such eagerness and haste,  
As Fiends, let loose, would lay all Nature waste.

[*Indamora runs back, as Nourmahal is running to her: Clashing of Swords is heard within.*

*Sold.* Yield, y're o'erpowr'd: resistance is in vain.

*Mor.* Then Death's my Choice: Submission I disdain.

*Nour.* Retire, you Slaves: Ah whither does he run  
On pointed Sords? Disarm, but save my Son.

[*Within.*  
[*Within.*  
[*At the Door.*

*Enter*

# The Great Mogul.

59

*Enter Morat staggering, and upheld by Soldiers.*

*Mor.* She Lives! and I shall see her once again!  
I have not thrown away my Life in vain.

*[Catches hold of Indamora's Gown, and falls by her, She sits.]*  
I can no more; yet, ev'n in Death, I find  
My fainting Body bias'd by my Mind.  
I fall toward you, still my contending Soul  
Points to your Breast, and trembles to its Pole.

*To them Melesinda, hastily, casting her self on the other side of Morat.*

*Mel.* Ah wo, wo, wo! the worst of Woes I find:  
Live still: Oh Live, ev'n to be unkind.  
With half shut Eyes he seeks the doubtful Day;  
But, ah! he bends his Sight another way.  
He faints! and in that Sight his Soul is gone;  
Yet Heaven's unmov'd, yet Heav'n looks careless on?

*Nour.* Where are those Pow'rs which Monarchs should defend;  
Or did they vain Authority pretend  
O'er human Fates, and their weak Empire show,  
Which cannot guard their Images below?  
If, as their Image, he was not Divine,  
They ought to have respected him as mine.  
I'll waken them with my Revenge; and she,  
Their *Indamora*, shall my Victim be,  
And helpless Heav'n shall mourn in vain, like me.

*[As she is going to stab Indamora, Morat raises himself, and holds her Hand.]*

*Mor.* Ah, what are we,  
Who dare maintain with Heav'n this wretched Strife,  
Puff'd with the Pride of Heav'n's own Gift, frail Life!  
That Blast which my ambitious Spirit swell'd,  
See by how weak a Tenure it was held!  
I only stay to save the Innocent:  
Oh envy not my Soul its last Content.

*Ind.* No, let me die; I'm doubly summon'd now;  
First, by my *Aurenge-Zebe*; and, since, by you.  
My Soul grows hardy, and can Death endure:  
Your Convoy makes the dangerous Way secure.

*Mel.* Let me, at least, a Funeral Marriage crave;  
Nor grudge my cold Embraces in the Grave.  
I have too just a Title in the Strife:  
By me, unhappy me, he lost his Life.  
I call'd him hither; 'twas my fatal Breath;  
And I the Screech Owl that proclaim'd his Death.

*Abas.* What new Alarms are these? I'll haste and see.

*[Shouts within.]*

*Exit.*

*Nour.*



*Nour.* Look up, and Live; an Empire shall be thine.

*Mor.* That I contemn'd, ev'n when I thought it mine.

Oh, I must yeild to my hard Destinies,

[To Indamora.

And must for ever cease to see your Eyes.

*Mel.* Ah, turn your Sight to me, my dearest Lord!

Can you not one, one parting Look afford?

Ev'n so unkind in Death? but 'tis in vain;

I lose my Breath, and to the Winds complain:

Yet 'tis as much in vain your cruel Scorn;

Still I can Love, without this last Return,

Nor Fate, nor you, can my vow'd Faith control?

Dying I'll follow your disdainful Soul:

A Ghost, I'll haunt your Ghost; and, where you go,

With mournful Murmurs fill the Plains below.

*Mor.* Be happy, *Melesinda*, cease to grieve,

And, for a more deserving Husband, live:

Can you forgive me?

*Mel.*——Can I! Oh my Heart!

Have I heard one kind Word before I part?

I can, I can forgive: Is that a Task

To Love, like mine? Are you so good to ask?

One Kiss——Oh 'tis too great a Blessing this;

[Kisses him.

I would not live to violate the Bliss.

*Re-enter Abas.*

*Abas.* Some envious Devil has ruin'd us yet more:

The Fort's revolted to the Emperor;

The Gates are open'd, the Portcullis drawn;

And Deluges of Armies from the Town

Come pow'ring in: I heard the mighty Flaw,

When first it broke; the crowding Ensigns saw,

Which choak'd the Passage; and, (what least I fear'd,)

The waving Arms of *Aurenge-Zebe* appear'd,

Display'd with your *Morat's*.

In either's Flag the Golden Serpents bear

Erected Crests alike, like Volumes rear,

And mingle Friendly-Hissings in the Air.

Their Troops are join'd, and our Destruction nigh.

*Nour.* 'Tis vain to fight, and I disdain to flee.

I'll mock the Triumphs which our Foes intend;

And, spight of Fortune, make a glorious End.

In pois'nous Draughts my Liberty I'll find:

And from the Nauseous World set free my Mind.

[Exit.

*At the other end of the Stage, Enter Aurenge-Zebe, Dianet, and Attendants.*

*Aurenge-Zebe turns back, and speaks, entering.*

*Aur.* The Lives of all, who cease from Combat, spare;

My Brother's be you most peculiar Care;

Our

Our impious use no longer shall obtain;  
Brothers, no more, by Brothers, shall be slain.

[Seeing Indamora and Morat.

Ha! do I Dream? is this my hop'd Success?  
I grow a Statue, stiff, and motionless.  
Look, *Dianet*; for I dare not trust these Eyes;  
They Dance in Mists, and dazle with Surprise.

*Dia.* Sir, tis *Morat*: Dying he seems or dead:  
And *Indamora's* Hand——

*Aur.* —— Supports his Head.

[Sighing.

Thou shalt not break yet, Heart; nor shall she know  
My inward Torments, by my outward Show:  
To let her see my Weakness were too base;  
Dissembled Quiet sit upon my Face:  
My Sorrow to my Eyes no Passage find,  
But let it inward sink, and drown my Mind.  
Falshood shall want its Triumph; I begin  
To stagger; but I'll prop my self within.  
The spacious Tow'r no Ruin shall disclose,  
'Till down, at once, the mighty Fabrick goes.

*Mor.* In sign that I Die yours, reward my Love,  
And seal my Pass-port to the Bless'd above.

[To Indamora.  
[Kisses her Hand.

*Ind.* Oh stay; or take me with you when you go:  
There's nothing now worth living for below.

*Mor.* I leave you not; for my expanded Mind  
Grows up to Heav'n, while it to you is join'd;  
Not quitting, but enlarg'd! A blazing Fire,  
Fed from the Brand.

[Dies.  
[Swoons.

*Mel.* Ah me! He's gone! I Die!

*Ind.* —— Oh dismal Day!

Fate thou hast ravish'd my last Hope away.

O Heav'n! my *Aurenge-Zebe* ——  
—— What strange Surprise!

[She turns, and sees Aurenge-Zebe  
standing by her, and starts.

Or does my willing Mind delude my Eyes.  
And shows the Figure always present there?  
Or liv'st thou? am I Bless'd, and see thee here?

*Aur.* My Bother's Body see convey'd with care,  
Where we may Royal Sepulture prepare.

[Turning from her to his  
Attendants.

With speed to *Melesinda* bring Relief;  
Recal her Spirits, and moderate her Grief. ——  
I go, to take for ever from your View  
Both the lov'd Object, and the hated too.

[Half turning to Indamora.

[Going away after the Bodies, which are carry'd off.

*Ind.* Hear me; yet think not that I beg your stay,  
I will be heard, and after take your way.

[Laying hold of him.

Go;



Go; but your late Repentance shall be vain.

[*He struggles still. She lets him go.*  
[*Turning away.*

I'll never see your Face again.

*Aur.* Madam, I know whatever you can say:  
You might be pleas'd not to command my Stay.

All things are yet disorder'd in the Fort;

I must crave leave your Audience may be short.

*Ind.* You need not fear I shall detain you long;  
Yet you may tell me your pretended Wrong.

*Aur.* Is that the bus'ness, then my Stay is vain.

*Ind.* How are you Injur'd?

*Aur.* ————When did I Complain?

*Ind.* Leave off your forc'd Respect———

And show your Rage in its most furious Form:

I'm arm'd with Innocence to brave the Storm.

You heard, perhaps, your Brother's last Desire;

And after saw him in my Arms expire.

Saw me, with Tears, so great a Loss bemoan:

Heard me complaining my last Hopes were gone.

*Aur.* Oh stay, and take me with you when you go,

There's nothing now worth living for below.

Unhappy Sex! whose Beauty is your Snare;

Expos'd to Trials; made too frail to bear.

I grow a Fool, and show my Rage again:

'Tis Nature's Fault; and why should I complain?

*Ind.* Will you yet hear me?

*Aur.* ————Yes, 'till you relate

What powerful Motives did your Change create.

You thought me dead, and prudently did weigh

Tears were but vain, and brought but Youth's Decay.

Then, in *Moras*, your Hopes a Crown design'd;

And all the Woman work'd within your Mind.

I rave again, and to my Rage return,

To be again subjected to your Scorn.

*Ind.* I wait 'till this long Storm be over blown.

*Aur.* I'm conscious of my Folly: I have done.

I cannot rail; but silently I'll grieve.

How did I trust! and how did you deceive!

Oh, *Arimant*, would I had dy'd for thee!

I dearly buy thy Generosity.

*Ind.* Alas! is he then dead?

*Aur.* ————Unknown to me.

He took my Arms; and while I forc'd my way

Through Troops of Foes, which did our Passage stay,

My Buckler o'er my Aged Father cast,

Still fighting, still defending as I pass'd,

The

The Noble *Arimant* usurp'd my Name;  
Fought, and took from me, while he gave me, Fame,  
To *Aurenge-Zebe* he made his Soldiers cry;  
And seeing not, where he heard Danger nigh,  
Shot, like a Star, through the benighted Sky.  
A short, but mighty Aid: At length he fell.  
My own Adventures, 'twere lost Time to tell;  
Or how my Army, entring in the Night,  
Surpriz'd our Foes; the dark disorder'd Fight.  
How my Appearance, and my Father shown,  
Made Peace; and all the rightful Monarch own.  
I've summ'd it briefly, since it did relate  
Th' unwelcome Safety of the Man you hate.

*Ind.* As briefly will I clear my Innocence:  
Your alter'd Brother dy'd in my Defence.  
Those Tears you saw, that Tendernefs I show'd  
Were just effects of Grief and Gratitude.  
He Dy'd my Convert.

*Aur.* ——— But your Lover too:  
I heard his Words, and did your Actions view.  
You seem'd to mourn another Lover dead:  
My Sighs you gave him, and my Tears you shed.  
But worst of all,  
Your Gratitude for his Defence was shown:  
It prov'd you valu'd Life when I was gone.

*Ind.* Not that I valu'd Life; but fear'd to Die:  
Think that my Weakness, not Inconstancy.

*Aur.* Fear show'd you doubted of your own Intent,  
And she who doubts becomes less innocent.  
Tell me not you could fear;  
Fear's a large Promiser, who subject live  
To that base Passion, know not what they give.  
No Circumstance of Grief you did deny;  
And what could she give more who durst not Die?

*Ind.* My Love, my Faith.

*Aur.* ——— Both so Adult'rate grown,  
When mix'd with Fear, they never could be known.  
I wish no Ill might her I Love befall;  
But she ne'er lov'd, who durst not venture all.  
Her Life and Fame should my Concernment be;  
But she shou'd only be afraid for me.

*Ind.* By Heart was yours; but, Oh! you left it here,  
Abandon'd to those Tyrants, Hope and Fear.  
If they forc'd from me one kind Look or Word,  
Could you not that, not that small Part afford?

*Aur.*



*Aur.* If you had lov'd, you nothing yours could call:  
 Giving the least of mine, you gave him all.  
 True Love's a Miser, so tenacious grown,  
 He weighs to the least Grain of what's his own.  
 More delicate than Honour's nicest Sense:  
 Neither to give nor take the least Offence.  
 With, or without you, I can have no Rest:  
 What shall I do! y'are lodg'd within my Breast.  
 Your Image never will be thence displac'd;  
 But there it lies, stabb'd, mangl'd, and defac'd.

*Ind.* Yet, to restore the Quiet of your Heart,  
 There's one way left.

*Aur.* ——— Oh name it.

*Ind.* ——— 'Tis to part.

Since perfect Bliss with me you cannot prove,  
 I scorn to bless by halves the Man I love.

*Aur.* Now you distract me more: Shall then the Day,  
 Which views my Triumphs, see our Loves decay?  
 Must I new Bars no my own Joy create?  
 Refuse, my self, what I had forc'd from Fate?  
 What though I am not Lov'd?

Reason's nice Taste does our Delights destroy:  
 Brutes are more bless'd, who grossly feed on Joy.

*Ind.* Such endless Jealousies your Love pursue,  
 I can no more be fully bless'd than you.  
 I therefore go, to free us both from Pain,  
 I priz'd your Person, but your Crown disdain.  
 Nay ev'n my own——

I give it you; for since I cannot call  
 Your Heart my Subject, I'll not Reign at all.

[Exit.]

*Aur.* Go; though thou leav'st me tortur'd on the Rack,  
 'Twixt Shame and Pride, I cannot call thee back.

She's guiltless, and I should submit; but Oh!  
 When she exacts it, can I stoop so low?

Yes; for she's guiltless;——but she's haughty too.

Great Souls long struggle e'er they own a Crime:

She's gone; and leaves me no repenting Time.

I'll call her now; sure, if she loves, she'll stay;

Linger at least, or not go far away.

[Locks to the Door, and returns.]

For ever lost, and I repent too late,

My foolish Pride would set my whole Estate,

'Till, at one Throw, I lost all back to Fate.

To him the Emperor, drawing in Indamora, Attendants.

*Emp.* It must not be, that he, by whom we live,  
 Should no Advantage of his Gift receive.

Should

Should he be wholly wretched? he alone,  
In this blest'd Day, a Day so much his own? **[To Indamora.]**  
I have not quitted yet a Victor's Right;  
I'll make you happy in your own despite.  
I love you still; and if I struggle hard  
To give, it shows the worth of the Reward.

*Ind.* Suppose he has overcome; must I find place  
Among his Conquer'd Foes, and sue for Grace?  
Be pardon'd, and confess I lov'd not well?  
What though none live my Innocence to tell?  
I know it: Truth may own a gen'rous Pride;  
I clear my self, and care for none beside.

*Aur.* Oh, *Indamora*, you would break my Heart!  
Could you resolve, on any terms, to part?  
I thought your Love Eternal: Was it ty'd  
So loosely, that a Quarrel could divide?  
I grant that my Suspicions were unjust:  
But would you leave me for a small Distrust?  
Forgive those foolish Words——— **[Kneeling to her.]**

They were the Froth my raging Folly mov'd,  
When it boil'd up: I knew not then I lov'd;  
Yet then lov'd most.———

*Ind.* To *Aur.* You would but half be Blest! **[Giving her Hand, smiling.]**

*Aur.* ——— Oh do but try  
My eager Love: I'll give my self the Lie.  
The very Hope is a full Happiness;  
Yet scanty measures what I shall possess.  
Fancy it self, ev'n in Enjoyment, is  
But a dumb Judge, and cannot tell its Bliss.

*Emp.* Her Eyes a secret Yielding do confess,  
And promise to partake your Happiness,  
May all the Joys I did my self pursue,  
Be rais'd by her, and multiply'd on you.

*A Procession of Priests, Slaves following, and last  
Melesinda in White.*

*Ind.* Alas! what means this Pomp?  
*Aur.* 'Tis the Procession of a Funeral Woe,  
Which cruel Laws to *Indian Wives* allow.  
When fatally their Virtue they approve;  
Chearful in Flames, and Martyrs of their Love.

*Ind.* Oh my foreboding Heart! th' Event I fear;  
And see! sad *Melesinda* does appear.

*Mel.* You wrong my Love; what Grief do I betray?  
This is the Triumph of my Nuptial Day.

K

My



My better Nuptials; which, in spite of Fate,  
For ever join me to my dear *Morat*.

Now I am pleas'd; my Jealousies are o're:  
He's mine; and I can lose him now no more.

*Emp.* Let no false show of Fame your Reason blind.

*Ind.* You have no Right to die; he was not kind.

*Mel.* Had he been kind, I could no Love have shown:

Each vulgar Virtue would as much have done.

My Love was such, it needed no Return:

But could, though he supply'd no Fuel, burn.

Rich in it self, like Elemental Fire,

Whose Pureness does no Aliment require.

In vain you would bereave me of my Lord;

For I will Die: Die is too base a Word.

I'll seek his Breast, and kindling by his Side;

Adorn'd with Flames, I'll mount a Glorious Bride. [Exit.]

*Enter Nourmahal distracted, with Zayda.*

*Zayd.* She's lost, she's lost! but why do I complain

For her, who gen'rously did Life disdain!

Poison'd, she raves——

Th' invenom'd Body does the Soul attack;

Th' invenom'd Soul works its own Poison back.

*Nour.* I burn, I more than burn; I am all Fire;

See how my Mouth and Nostrils Flame expire.

I'll not come near my self——

Now I'm a burning Lake, it rolls and flows;

I'll rush, and pour it all upon my Foes.

Pull, pull that rev'rend Piece of Timber near:

Throw't on——'tis dry——'twill burn——

Ha! ha! How my old Husband crackles there!

Keep him down, keep him down, turn him about:

I know him; he'll but whiz, and strait go out.

Fan me, you Winds: What not one breath of Air?

I burn 'em all, and yet have Flames to spare.

Quench me: Pour on whole Rivers. 'Tis in vain:

*Morat* stands there to drive 'em back again.

With those huge Bellows in his hands, he blows

New Fire into my Head: My Brain-pan glows.

See, see! there's *Aurange-Zebe* too takes his part;

But he blows all his Fire into my Heart.

*Aur.* Alas! what Fury's this?

*Nour.* —— That's he, that's he! [Scaring upon him, and catching at him.]

I know the dear Man's Voice:

And this my Rival, this the cursed she.

They

They Kifs; into each others Arms they run:  
Close, close, close! must I see, and must have none?  
Thou art not hers: Give me that eager Kifs,  
Ingrateful! have I lost *Morat* for this?  
Will you?—before my Face?—poor helpless I  
See all; and have my Hell before I die!

[Sinks down.

*Emp.* With thy last Breath thou hast thy Crimes confess:  
Farewel; and take, what thou ne'er gav'st me, Rest.

But you, my Son, receive it better here:

[Giving him *Indamora's* Hand.

The just Rewards of Love and Honour wear:

Receive the Mistress you so long have serv'd;

Receive the Crown your Loyalty preserv'd.

Take you the Reins, while I from Cares remove,  
And sleep within the Chariot which I drove.

[Exeunt.

EPI.



# EPILOGUE.

**A** Pretty Task! and so I told the Fool,  
Who needs would undertake to please by Rule.  
He thought that, if his Characters were good,  
The Scenes entire, and freed from Noise and Blood,  
The Action great, yet circumscrib'd by Time,  
The Words not forc'd, but sliding into Rhime,  
The Passions rais'd and calm'd by just Degrees,  
As Tides are swell'd, and then retire to Seas.  
He thought, in hitting these, his business done,  
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one.  
But, after all, a Poet must confess,  
His Art's like Physick, but a happy Guest.  
Your Pleasure on your Fancy must depend:  
The Lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her Friend.  
No Song! no Dance! no Show! he fears you'll say,  
You love all Naked Beauties but a Play.  
He much mistakes your Methods to Delight;  
And, like the French, abhors our Target Fight:  
But those damn'd Dogs can never be i'th right.  
True English hate your Monsieur's Paultry Arts;  
For you are all Silk-Weavers, in your Hearts.  
Bold Britains, at a brave Bear-Garden Fray,  
Are Rouz'd; and clatt'ring Sticks, Cry, Play, Play, Play.  
Mean time, your filthy Foreigner will stare,  
And mutter to himself, Ha gens Barbare!  
And, Gad, 'tis well he mutters; well for him;  
Our Butchers else would tear him Limb from Limb.  
'Tis true, the Time may come, your Sons may be  
Infected with this French Civility.  
But this in after Ages will be done:  
Our Poet Writes a Hundred Tears too soon.  
This Age comes on too slow, or he too fast:  
And early Springs are subject to a Blast!  
Who would excel, when few can make a Test  
Betwixt indiff'rent Writing and the best?  
For Favours cheap and common, who wou'd strive,  
Which like abandon'd Prostitutes, you give?  
Yet scatter'd here and there, I some behold,  
Who can discern the Tinsel from the Gold.  
To these he Writes; and if by them allow'd,  
'Tis their Prerogative to rule the Crowd.  
For he more fears, (like a presuming Man)  
Their Votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.

FINIS.